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R. Figuet du Bocage (M.

LETTERS (a)

CONCERNING

ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND ITALY.

By the Celebrated

MADAM DU BOCAGE,

Member of the Academies of

PADUA, BOLOGNA, ROME and LYONS.

WRITTEN

During her Travels in thoſe Countries.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

— Quæ mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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M DCC LXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE learned and ingenious author of the following LETTERS, has been long in poſſeſſion of a ſeat on Parnaſſus, in conſequence of her elegant POEMS, by which ſhe has gained immortal reputation. Theſe were printed at different times in *France*, and at length collected in Two Volumes, and publiſhed at *Lyons* in 1764. The Firſt contains her *Paradis Terreſtre*, imitated from MILTON; *Les Amazons*, a Tragedy, acted in 1748; the *Temple of Fame*, imitated from Mr POPE; a Poem which obtained the prize

at the Academy of *Rouen*, where this gallic SAPPHO was born; Miſcellaneous Pieces; and a Funeral Oration on Prince EUGENE, written in Italian by Cardinal PASSIONEI, and tranſlated by this Lady into French. The Second comprehends the *Colombiade*, an Epic Poem on the diſcovery of the new world, in which CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS figures as her hero; and the *Conſpiracy of Walſtein*, tranſlated from the French of M. SARAZIN into Italian. The merit of theſe performances gained this Lady a ſeat in the Academies of *Padua*, *Bologna*, *Rome*, and *Lyons*. In ſhort, the judgment paſſed on them by connoiſſeurs, and the different elogiums of them echoed from all parts of *Europe*, are ſo well known, that one muſt be quite a ſtranger in the republic of letters not to have heard of them.

To the Two Volumes of Poems, Madam DU BOCAGE was afterwards perſuaded

ſuaded to add a Third, containing LETTERS to her Siſter, during her Travels in *England*, *Holland*, and *Italy*. Thoſe concerning the two former countries are dated in 1750, and thoſe on the latter in 1757. They are penned with an artleſs ſimplicity, free from the leaſt appearance of affectation or ſtudy: yet they abound with delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, with natural ſtrokes of genius, and with ſtrong marks of penetration and diſcernment. Her ſtile is lively and animated, her manner of viewing objects new and intereſting, her reflections ſolid, her deſcriptions pictureſque. But her attention is more engaged with the painting of manners and cuſtoms, than with the deſcription of towns and palaces. Objects of this kind, with which the relations of modern travellers abound, are here only ſlightly touched upon, except when they happen to preſent us with ſomething new and engaging. She ſeems to have had no intention of entering

into a circumſtantial detail, but only of drawing ſuch ſketches of the grand objects, as ſhe thought moſt deſerving of the public notice. Her colourings and fine touches dicover the hand of a firſt rate genius. As ſhe went abroad with a view of improving by the obſervation of foreign manners, ſhe appears no way prejudiced in favour of the cuſtoms of her own country. The manner ſhe expreſſes herſelf in with regard to the Engliſh nation, will ever do honour to her judgment and impartiality. In particular, the encomiums which ſhe paſſes on the learning, wit and politeneſs of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, cannot fail of meeting with the univerſal approbation of readers of all claſſes and ſtations in life.

Her LETTERS, however, on *Italy*, are undoubtedly the moſt intereſting; in deſcribing that country ſhe is exact and methodical, and enlivens her narrative with anecdotes and curious details. Thus ſhe

ſhe gives a new turn to a ſubject which one would imagine to be exhauſted; a ſubject however that perhaps will never be perfectly known, according to the obſervation of a learned critic*, but by means of theſe Letters. There are few objects worthy the attention of a judicious obſerver, which we do not find pointed out in theſe Letters, or particularly deſcribed. We travel in imagination with the agreeable rover, and follow her footſteps with a ſort of ineffable pleaſure, that leaves no room for laſſitude. Her motion is light and rapid, and her narrative ſo conciſe and expreſſive, that it would be ſcarce poſſible to abridge it, without ſtripping it of ſome part of its native graces.

But it is particularly at *Rome*, that every thing ſeemed to engage our fair author's attention: ſhe contemplates its

* Journal des Scavans for the month of March, 1765.

various beauties with aſtoniſhment, and deſcribes them with a rapture of enthuſiaſm. The monuments of the polite arts and of antiquity, the manners, cuſtoms, and uſages of the inhabitants, all come under her examination, and nothing eſcapes the accuracy of her pencil. With ſo great a ſhare of taſte and paſſion for the polite arts, it was impoſſible but this Lady muſt have been enchanted with that once miſtreſs of the world: and when we add to this the honourable reception ſhe met with among perſons of the very higheſt dignity and rank, it is natural to think ſhe was extremely loth to quit ſo agreeable a reſidence. "The diſtinguiſhed manner, ſays a very ingenious writer *, in which Cardinal PASSIONEI received Madam DU BOCAGE, his aſſiduous

* M. DE GROSLEY, author of a moſt learned and entertaining work, intitled, *New Obſervations on Italy and its inhabitants, by two* Swediſh *Gentlemen*. The above quotation is from vol. II. p. 170. in the tranſlation publiſhed by Mr LOCKYER DAVIS.

aſſiduous attendance on her, his eagerneſs to bring her into the beſt companies, had excited the aſtoniſhment of all *Rome*. The Roman Ladies were not a little piqued at ſeeing a French woman triumph over a man, who had never ſhewn the leaſt regard to the ſex, and who in no very obliging terms, roundly made known to them the reaſon of his giving this Lady the preference. The Pope did not fail to avail himſelf of this extraordinary change: when the Cardinal went out in his coach with Madam Du Bocage, he took care to be at the window, and gave them repeatedly his benediction, ſaying, he had even declared himſelf the Cardinal's rival, and pretending to be as good a judge of the Lady's merit as himſelf. The eagerneſs, with which theſe two Octogenarians vied with each other in this intercourſe, rendered it ſomewhat more than entertaining to the charming object of it, who, if we may judge by the reſpect ſhewn her in all places, and

by

by the preſents ſhe received from the Pope at her departure, was treated as a Princeſs. The Cardinal has more than once ſaid to me upon occaſion of our taking the air in the piazza of St PETER: "Here Madam DU BOCAGE and I have "often walked together; I was her "Squire. All theſe ſcoundrels ſaid that "I was in love with her; and indeed "they ſaid no more than what was true: "but it was not the beauty or attractives "of the ſex, that I loved in her; it was "the eaſe and affability peculiar to her "nation, heightened by her erudition, "and dignified by her uncommon abi-"lities."

The Portrait prefixed to this Volume, is taken from a painting done by Mademoiſelle LOIR: the elegant inſcription, *Forma* VENUS, *Arte* MINERVA, happily expreſſes the graces which embelliſh the figure, and the wit and learning ſo conſpicuous in this Lady's productions. We may

may properly conclude this account of the portrait and the original, with Monſieur ALLEMAND's beautiful verſes on the publication of the Tragedy of the *Amazons*.

Dum canit innocuos *Evæ* BOCAGIA luſus,
In paradiſiacos me rapit *Eva* locos.
Dum canit Antiopes *Scythicas* BOCAGIA flammas,
In *Scythiam* Antiopes captus amore feror.
At dum ſe ipſa offert oculis BOCAGIA noſtris,
Qualis ab oceano, PHOEBE, redire ſoles;
Nec *Scythiæ* campos, paradiſi nec moror hortos,
Nec placet Antiope, nec placet EVA parens.
LESBIA, *Amazonibus* vitam vocemque dediſti,
Ut placeant, oculos, LESBIA, junge tuos.

Thus tranſlated.

Whilſt DU BOCAGE the joys of *Eden* ſings,
Full to my view all paradiſe ſhe brings;
Whilſt ſhe relates the flames midſt *Scythian* ſnows,
With which ANTIOPE's fair boſom glows,
Struck with the *Amazon*'s deluding ſight,
To *Scythia*'s coaſt I wing my rapid flight.
But when BOCAGE herſelf ſtands forth confeſt,
Like PHOEBUS riſing from his bed of reſt,
The groves of *Eden*, and the *Scythian* ſhore,
ANTIOPE and EVE can pleaſe no more:
To *Amazons* fair LESBIA life ſupplies;
Still they want charms to pleaſe without her eyes.

LETTERS

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

To my Siſter *.

London, April 1, 1750.

I DID not write to you during my journey, my dear Siſter; we travelled with too much hurry and confuſion; we were fatigued three days by riding poſt; eight hours tormented by the toſſing of a ſtormy ſea; and four and twenty jolted in a wretched coach from *Deal* to *London*.

You will probably aſk me, why we did not land at *Dover*? Know then, that a terrible apprehenſion of finding the time hang heavy on our hands at *Calais*, made us quit it when the weather was doubtful. It ſoon ceaſed to be ſo; the winds and the rain redoubled: Though the ſtorm we underwent well deſerves a poetical deſcription, I ſhall not vainly attempt to give one; what could I do after our great poets? The truth from my pen would not be equal to their fictions. Let me then ſimply declare, that the infernal noiſe of the

* Widow of Monſieur DU PERRON, Counſellor of the Parliament of *Paris*.

waves, the tackle and the ſailors, and the conſtant oppreſſion at my heart, prevented me from expreſſing my fears: My griefs were ſucceeded by the moſt excruciating ideas. What, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall I no more ſee my Siſter, nor my Friends, whom I forſook? Shall I not even ſee *England*, to viſit which was the intention of my voyage? My friends will blame my indiſcreet curioſity, and will ſoon forget me.

Whilſt I gave myſelf up to theſe melancholy reflections, the Pilot came, and ſaid to me abruptly, "You cannot enter the harbour "of *Dover* till to-morrow morning, the ſea "is too high; if you chooſe it, we will get "you a ſmall veſſel to carry you to *Deal*, a "little port at the diſtance of two leagues."

An eager deſire to be extricated out of our perplexity made us accept this ſad propoſal. The Captain took me into his arms to help me into the boat, which the waves conſtantly drove from the veſſel, ſo that a ſlip which he made upon the ladder obliged him to let go: by good luck, inſtead of falling into the water, I found myſelf alone upon this ſkiff in the midſt of the rowers, at the mercy of the waves, and trembling with fear leſt Mr DU BOCAGE ſhould not be able to come to me. He cauſed our baggage to be let down, and with horror ſaw me overwhelmed with the waves that kept off the boat. My fear redoubled; the rowers brought

brought me back; he made new efforts to come to me, and at laſt ſucceeded.

Upon changing the veſſel, I took heart: a moment's tranquillity compoſed my ſpirits: I deſcried a little fleet, two veſſels of which periſhed whilſt they doubled a cape in order to enter the *Thames*. This ſight, which had a horrid effect, appeared as a dream to my agitated ſoul.

I was extricated out of it by a new misfortune. In the little port which we ſought, the water being too low prevented the boats from entering. The Sailors, or if you will, Tritons, walking up to the knees in the ſea, conducted us to the ſhore. Judge of my earneſt deſire to change my wet clothes, tho' none were arrived at my inn, where I was periſhing with cold, hunger, and fear, being alone with my chamber-maid DUCASTEL, who was in as great diſorder as myſelf.—Twenty Sailors and Porters, whoſe language I did not underſtand, importuned me for money to drink; the Officers examined our coffers at the Cuſtom-houſe, where my fellow-traveller curſed them, and paid them, that they might make the more haſte. In fine, in about an hour's time I contrived to dry my clothes. But whilſt the veſſel, which now lay at a conſiderable diſtance, was in ſuch diſtreſs, we quite forgot our proviſions; the place ſupplied but little, our wretched lodging was however better than could be found

in *France* at ſuch a place. We were highly ſatisfied both with our ſupper and our bed. It is cuſtomary when we would repreſent people as poſſeſſed of happineſs, to ſay, that they are in the ſame ſtate with travellers after a voyage. There is always ſome truth in old proverbs; but we purchaſed our happineſs too dear; I do not wiſh you may enjoy the ſame: it was followed by our luckily meeting with a hired coach near the town of *Deal*, which carried us to *Canterbury* to dinner, where we ſaw the Cathedral, a great, gothic building, erected upon a ſubterraneous Church which is ſtill darker, and appears to me better adapted to holy myſteries. The Druids and Pagan Prieſts did not light out their temples to exceſs, and herein they were right. The chriſtian temples, excepting only thoſe of modern building, are all alike, ſo I ſhall ſay no more at preſent of the church of *Canterbury*.

We left this city in order to make the beſt of our way to *Rocheſter*, where we eat excellent oiſters, and ſlept well. In the morning we were ſerved with bread, butter and tea, though we did not deſire it. The travellers who were with us ſaid that it was cuſtomary to pay this breakfaſt, and to eat without being hungry, in order to do honour to the inns, where every thing is indeed very good, and equally dear. The *Engliſh* in their fits of poetical phrenzy, which they call amorous moments,

moments, are apt to ſcrawl verſes with charcoal upon the walls of the rooms where they eat. Here are ſome worthy of the place and the ſubject, which to divert you I tranſlated into *French*, whilſt we were waiting till the horſes were put to.

DAMON diten mangeant d'un *Cheſter** plein de mites,
Tel que SAMSON, j'en tue un mille en un moment;
Il eſt vrai lui repond MELITES;
Tu te ſers du même inſtrument.

Eating a mity cheeſe, elate with pride,
I SAMSON-like ſlay thouſands, DAMON cry'd:
To him MELITES quick reply'd, 'Tis true,
And the ſame weapon ſerv'd both him and you.

Rocheſter, which is very populous, is a league in length, and has a conſiderable port. From thence to the metropolis we met with fields which bloom with the freſheſt verdure; numerous flocks of ſheep of a larger ſize than ours, and peaſants who appear to be in better circumſtances. The inns and country houſes are neat, but not magnificent. We took notice of one remarkably elegant oppoſite to *Greenwich*, from whence we diſcovered a foreſt of maſts which cover the *Thames*. A fooliſh fellow being once told of the fine appearance they made, complained that they prevented him from ſeeing the ſhore.

* A ſort of cheeſe much eſteemed in *England*.

At the foot of the hill, which commands a fine proſpect, a ſuburb of great length, badly paved and badly built, leads to the metropolis, which makes no magnificent appearance. In the new buildings where we live, and in the neighbourhood of the court, the ſtreets are broader, and the houſes better adorned. When we have ſeen their inhabitants I ſhall give you an account of them.

LETTER II.

London, April 8, 1750.

I Promiſed you, my dear Siſter, to amuſe the ſolitary hours you ſpend in your country-ſeat, with a narrative of my adventures. Our friendſhip renders them important to you. There is as much agitation and hurry in my life, as there is tranquillity in yours. I am quite taken up with my toilet, with meſſages and viſits. Fifteen or twenty Ladies of the firſt quality have done me the favour to be beforehand with me. It is cuſtomary here for thoſe to whom any one is recommended, to intreat their friends to viſit the ſtranger, before ſhe is preſented to them. My Lady ALLEN, and Miſtreſs CLEVELAND, women of great wit, to whom Mr DE CHAVIGNI, formerly our Miniſter at *London*, was ſo good as to write in my favour, were kind enough

to

to conduct me. I immediately paid my reſpects to our ambaſſadreſs, who did us the honour to invite us to dine with her the next day. We accepted of her invitation, and ſhall endeavour to deſerve her kindneſs. Her merit is equal to her birth, and her rank procures her all the pleaſure which ſhe can enjoy in this place. Routs, which begin at ſeven o'clock and end at eleven, conclude the pleaſures of the day. The *Engliſh* lately borrowed this cuſtom from the *Italians*; but they have not, like them, ſpacious palaces; and this occaſions great conſtraint to their company. In the morning, breakfaſts, which enchant as much by the exquiſite viands, as by the richneſs of the plate in which they are ſerved up, agreeably bring together both the people of the country and ſtrangers. We breakfaſted in this manner to-day at Lady MONTAGU's, in a cloſet lined with painted paper of *Pekin*, and furniſhed with the choiceſt moveables of *China:* A long table, covered with the fineſt linen, preſented to the view a thouſand glittering cups, which contained coffee, chocolate, biſcuits. cream, butter, toaſts, and exquiſite tea. You muſt underſtand, that there is no good tea to be had any where but at *London*. The Miſtreſs of the houſe, who deſerves to be ſerved at the table of the gods, poured it out herſelf; this is the cuſtom: and in order to conform to it, the dreſs of the *Engliſh* Ladies, which ſuits exactly to their

ſtature, the white apron, and the pretty ſtraw-hat, become them with the greateſt propriety, not only in their own apartments, but at noon in St *James*'s Park, where they walk with the ſtately and majeſtic gait of nymphs.

This park, whoſe rural beauty is embelliſhed by their charms, is their favourite walk, eſpecially about noon. They make a leſs brilliant appearance in the evening at their aſſemblies, and in the morning at court, when dreſſed according to the *French* faſhion. I cannot conceive why all *Europe* ſhould be ſo complaiſant as to adopt our modes, the changes of which the inhabitants even of our own provinces cannot poſſibly conform to, which foreign nations receive very late, and never in the ſame manner in which they were introduced at *Paris*. Every country has its peculiar language, manners, and ideas, and ought in conſequence to have its peculiar mode of dreſſing, which muſt always ſuit better to the ſhape and make of the inhabitants than any borrowed habit; but we here meet with many perſons, whoſe munificence, behaviour, and merit, would do an honour to every country, amongſt others Lord and Lady CHESTERFIELD, who behave to us with the utmoſt politeneſs. My Lord, after having with great honour filled the moſt important places in the ſtate, is ſo far from regretting them, that in an agreeable retirement he enjoys himſelf and his friends with the higheſt reliſh: he has

viſited

viſited moſt foreign courts, and acquired all that was worth acquiring in them, a more extenſive knowledge of mankind, the art of pleaſing in converſation, the talent of ſpeaking ſeveral languages, a ſelect library, the beſt pictures to adorn his palace, and knowledge to build it in the juſteſt taſte of architecture.

They propoſe carrying me to ſee the entertainments of the town, and viſit the public monuments: I ſhall give you an account of them preſently. Mr DU BOCAGE helps me to make my obſervations; why are you not with me too? the ſagacity and ſprightlineſs of your genius would always fix mine upon the objects which moſt deſerve a deſcription. I will give you a true account of our actions and our remarks: you ſhall have them faithfully deſcribed; I will even lay before you the letters which have been written to me. I have juſt received one in verſe from a lover of eighty-ſix years of age, who lives at *Montauban*, and thinks me at *Paris*, but has never ſeen me. I ſend it you, together with my anſwer to it. I availed myſelf of a day of reſt to write it, and you have time more than ſufficient to read it. The old Gentleman cajoles me in this manner:

Daughter

Daughter of PHOEBUS, who doſt ſhine
With graces and with charms divine,
So long I've ſtrove by verſe thy name
To conſecrate to laſting fame,
That now 'tis time I ſhould give o'er,
I cannot praiſe thee as before.
Soon as we reach the vale of years,
The face of nature cold appears.
But when in wonder loſt I trace
The beauties of thy portray'd face,
I find, alas! that CUPID's dart,
Spight of my age, will reach my heart.
When on thy works I fix my eyes,
My ſoul is fill'd with ſtrange ſurpriſe;
I recollect my amorous flame
Firſt with ſuch agitations came.
Whilſt I remote from *Tarn** reſide,
And our two ages differ wide;
My love I freely may explain,
And virtue bluſh not at the ſtrain;
But thou with all the loves wilt ſmile
To hear me talk in amorous ſtile.
I know, with PHILOMELA's voice
The woods in ſpring alone rejoice;
Yet in the winter of my days
I ſigh for thee, and ſing thy praiſe.
In thy bright eyes I ſee the fire
Which does thy writings all inſpire;
And every noble ſtroke of art,
Conſpicuous there affects my heart.

When

* A river which runs through *Montauban*.

When by deſcription in thy lines,
Each charm of blooming *Eden* ſhines;
Where the all-bounteous Maker ſhed
His bleſſings upon ADAM's head;
Their beauties there ſo plain I trace,
I curſe the firſt of human race,
Who did the fatal apple eat,
By which we loſt that bliſsful ſeat.
His boldneſs I ſtill more deteſt,
When, by thy pencil's power expreſs'd,
I take a view of all the woe
Which did from his transgreſſion flow.
How bright, DU BOCAGE, doſt thou ſhine!
Talents and beauty both are thine.
In youth when love, of paſſions beſt,
My faculties entire poſſeſt,
Wit without beauty I deſpis'd,
Nor e'er unmeaning features priz'd:
Then ſay, in a maturer age,
Could other charms but thine engage?

ANSWER.

What phrenzy makes me thus deſpiſe
The various dangers that may riſe,
And bids me to the north repair,
Whilſt you, LA MOTHE, with ſoul ſincere
Declare yourſelf for ever mine,
And liberty for love reſign!
Still VENUS loves your happy plains,
And CUPID there for ever reigns;
There at all ages men with eaſe
Learn how to love and how to pleaſe.

Thence

Thence ſurly reaſon takes its flight,
By zephyrs borne on pinions light
To diſtant climes, where northern lands
Are ever bound in frozen bands;
The tranſient heat of amorous fires
In thoſe cold regions ſoon expires.
There CUPID cannot, as of yore,
Make lovers ſwim from ſhore to ſhore;
And there no promontories claim
Like *Seſtos* or *Abydos* fame;
Yet I in *England* would remain,
If I could there but find my ſwain.
A CELADON about fourſcore
May ſet the rabble in a roar.
The more he love-engagements flies,
We women more the conqueſt prize.
Prudent, and not to changing prone,
He ſighs for one, and one alone.
Though virtue ſhould oppoſe her laws,
Example pleads the old man's cauſe.
AURORA thus with love inſpir'd,
TITHON in hoary age admir'd;
By merit won, a royal fair
Choſe for her ſhepherd St AULAIRE *.

* The Marquis of St AULAIRE, belonging to the Court of the Dutcheſs of MAINE, preſerved to the age of an hundred the agreeable delicacy of his genius. A little before his death, the Princeſs being curious to diſcover ſomething that he was willing to hide from her, received the following anſwer:

A goddeſs aſks me to impart
The hidden ſecret of my heart;
Were I APOLLO, for a Muſe
That goddeſs I would never chuſe;
To her as THETYS I would bend,
And ſo the day ſhould quickly end.

Since ſuch her choice, be ours the ſame,
Let's love without conſtraint or ſhame
A ſwain, whom all the nine inſpire,
Though old, with true poetic fire;
Who in his tuneful verſes tries
To raiſe his miſtreſs to the ſkies.

LETTER III.

London, April 15, 1750.

THE kind treatment which we receive here, my dear Siſter, makes the place highly agreeable to us. Yeſterday I breakfaſted at my Lady SHAUB's; the Prince of *Wales* came there incog. I was appriſed of this, and humoured the deceit, that he might have the ſatisfaction of thinking me impoſed upon. He was pleaſed to queſtion me in a very obliging manner upon ſeveral different ſubjects, to aſk me to favour him with my works, and to protract the converſation ſo long, that I had time to perceive that he was very well acquainted with *French* literature: I make no doubt but that of the *Engliſh* is equally known to him. The converſation being over, the Prince charged the Miſtreſs of the houſe to introduce me the next day at the court of the Princeſs. I appeared there this morning. The goodneſs of her Royal Highneſs would have given me confidence,

had

had it been poſſible to avoid being intimidated in the preſence of two hundred ſpectators. What ſtrange weakneſſes are we ſubject to! Yeſterday the preſence of a King's ſon in diſguiſe did not lay me under the leaſt conſtraint; to-day he made himſelf quite familiar with me, and yet I ſtood in awe before him; I plainly ſee that it is not Kings who are feared, but the croud that ſurrounds them.

This auguſt aſſembly is held at one o'clock: the Ladies form a circle, and the men ſtand behind them in three ranks. Their Highneſſes, followed by the two young Princes, enter at one door and go out at another, after having ſpoken to the perſons whom they condeſcend to honour with their converſation. This tedious ceremony laſts about an hour. The time of waiting, both before and after, makes thoſe who aſſiſt at it very glad to ſeat themſelves at their return. I am reſting myſelf whilſt I write to you, and I endeavour to recal the remembrance of what I propoſed to tell you concerning the public diverſions.

The Oratorio, or pious concert, pleaſes us highly. *Engliſh* words * are ſung by *Italian* performers, and accompanied by a variety of inſtruments. HANDEL is the ſoul of

* This language appears to be admirably adapted to muſic. The ingenious Mr ADDISON obſerves, that its conciſeneſs ſuits with the natural taciturnity of his countrymen; that the hiſſing, for which it is remarkable, reſembles an inſtrument with ſtrings, and that the articulate pronunciation of other languages reſembles the muſic of wind inſtruments.

of it: when he makes his appearance, two wax lights are carried before him, which are laid upon his organ. Amidſt a loud clapping of hands he ſeats himſelf, and the whole band of muſic ſtrikes up exactly at the ſame moment. At the interludes he plays concertos of his own compoſition, either alone or accompanied by the orcheſtra. Theſe are equally admirable for the harmony and the execution. The *Italian* opera, in three acts, gives us much leſs pleaſure: The tedious declamation of the recitative makes us buy dearly a few pleaſing airs, with which it terminates. The theatre is beautiful: the performers however of this year are but indifferent. Their repreſentations end with the winter: thoſe of the *Engliſh* comedians laſt the greateſt part of the year. They play low comedy in a much more natural manner than the *French*. With them a Cobler, or a Waiting-maid, have exactly the language and dreſs of perſons in their ſtation of life. The *Engliſh* BARON †, GARRICK, who is their great performer both in Tragedy and Comedy, has the moſt juſt and affecting expreſſion. In their Tragedies the declamation appears to us like ſinging; but I am not well able to form a judgment of it: as I am obliged to carry a book with me to the theatre, in order to underſtand the piece; whilſt I am reading it,

† BARON was a celebrated *French* Comedian; he died at *Paris* in 1729, aged 77.

it, I cannot give a proper attention to the players; and as ſoon as I look off my book, and view their actions, I underſtand them no longer. In their Farces it gives them high delight to introduce the character of a ridiculous *Frenchman*. He is ſo powdered, takes ſo much ſnuff, ſo often looks at his watch, and ſo often patches his face, that he appeared to us a ridiculous caricature. We ſoon perceived, to our great concern, that the ſatire is but too juſt. Our actreſſes are much ſuperior to foreigners in noble and elevated parts, and dreſs themſelves to greater advantage. Thoſe whom we have now upon our ſtage, greatly ſurpaſs the beſt in *London*: we yeſterday ſaw a fat CLEOPATRA, who was fit for nothing but to play the part of a Nurſe.

As human nature is the ſame in all countries, the ſtage of *London*, though very different from ours, reſembles it in many reſpects; but there are here entertainments of which we have no idea; I do not mean horſe-races, cock-fights, or combats of prize-fighters; I leave it to men to deſcribe thoſe ſhocking amuſements, and ſhall dwell upon more pleaſing ſubjects; ſuch as the gardens of *Vauxhall*, which are to be ſeen upon the delightful banks of the *Thames*. There in the morning the proprietor furniſhes all comers with bread and butter, milk, coffee, tea, and chocolate, beſide muſic, for the ſmall price

of

of a ſhilling *. In the evening there is an illumination, a concert, and all ſorts of refreſhments, but then the ſhilling is not ſufficient, there is ſomething to pay over and above: ſometimes there are balls for a guinea a head; and for this trifle all that repair to it are entertained in the moſt elegant manner; there are ſongs, dances and maſquerades, which in elegance equal any thing to be ſeen at the *Paris* opera. The Ladies never take off their maſks. There are but few balls at theſe aſſemblies; perſons of all ranks and ages come in a negligent dreſs, from all quarters, to ſooth their cares by innocent amuſement. The *French* look upon it as a phenomenon, that there ſhould be ſo much order and ſo profound a ſilence in the midſt of ſuch a multitude, whilſt with us the ſmalleſt aſſembly occaſions a ſtunning noiſe. We are informed by Monſieur DE FONTENELLE †, that in his time it was not cuſtomary for all preſent in company to ſpeak together. As at that period there were fewer, who could become half ſcholars by gleaning up learning from Journals and Dictionaries; for that reaſon perhaps there were fewer fools, who thought they

* Theſe morning entertainments have been ſince ſuppreſſed.

† A ſage very different from other old men. This is the only circumſtance of times paſt which I ever heard him praiſe.

had a right to prevent men of ſenſe from being heard.

You are well acquainted with the diſturbance which our Coachmen make whenever they run foul of each other: ſuch accidents often happen in the ſmalleſt ſtreets of *London*, when waggons and large carts are paſſing: upon ſuch occaſions the drivers come down and extricate themſelves with the utmoſt labour, ſometimes without uttering an unneceſſary word.

From *Vauxhall* let us take a ſtep to *Ranelagh*, where no greater noiſe is made. The gardens which there have fewer ornaments, preſent to the eye a vaulted amphitheatre of a hundred feet diameter, and with three rows of ſeats, in the midſt of rural thickets; the floor is matted, which makes walking eaſy and agreeable; in the midſt there is a furnace with four fronts, ſurrounded with a baluſtrade, to which the heat penetrates without being exceſſive, and makes winter paſs unnoticed. This magnificent incloſure pleaſed me ſo much, that I could not but prefer it to all the enchantments of *Vauxhall*. Though few are of my opinion, I can ſupport it by good authority, that of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, who requeſted of me to write a few verſes in praiſe of the place which I undertook to defend; the pleaſure I take in obeying his commands made me attempt to give a deſcription of it. There is a reſemblance between my

picture

picture and the original, at leaſt I have been flattered that there is: you cannot form a right judgment of it; I ſend it you however to give you an idea of the public diverſions of this country.

VERSES *upon* RANELAGH.

MUSE, charmer of my leiſure hours,
Paint to the *French* thoſe bliſsful bowers,
Where joy and peace and gay deſire
In juſt proportion ſtill conſpire,
And, more to elevate each heart,
To nature add the charms of art.
A thouſand inſtruments around
In jocund concert there reſound,
And faſt beſide a limpid ſtream
Unnumber'd * lamps diffuſe a gleam;
And though a thouſand ſtorms ariſe,
With varied pleaſures feaſt our eyes.
To paint to each ſucceeding race
The charms of this delightful place,
Like VOLTAIRE I ſhould verſe indite,
And like ALBANO charm the Sight.
Pemit me, *Ranelagh*, to ſhew
The joys thy happy ſhades beſtow;
And in obſcure and humble verſe
Thy noble monuments rehearſe.
Thy architecture now diſplays
The grandeur of *Rome*'s ancient days;

* The lights are incloſed in globes of cryſtal.

Beneath a dome with ſculpture grac'd,
(Thy galleries ſucceſſive plac'd)
Proud pillars of each order riſe,
And a vaſt circus ſtrikes the eyes.
A fire, that ceaſes ne'er to burn,
'Midſt winter's blaſts makes ſpring return,
And by that Altar Liberty
Is ſeen, from wild diſorder free.
No Pagan temple here we find;
A citizen this work deſign'd;
To him VITRUVIUS' art was known,
He made the public good his own,
And, the ſpectator to delight,
Bid uſe and pleaſure both unite.
In this elyſian, bliſsful ground,
HANDEL's ſweet ſymphonies reſound,
With which *Italian* ſtrains combine
To charm the ſoul by airs divine.
PICCINI there the liſt'ning ears
Delights like muſic of the ſpheres;
Trade, which connects each diſtant ſhore,
Which makes men various climes explore,
To all the gifts this land affords,
Adds *Chineſe* Tea to crown their boards;
Coffee of *Moca*, which beſtows
Tranquillity and calm repoſe;
And the black *Indian* bev'ridge fam'd,
Ambroſia by the *Spaniard* nam'd.
There ſmiling Pleaſure, gay Delight
Mix, and confound each rank and right;
Theſe plains which conſtant joys ſupply,
Delight the taſte, the ear and eye.

Vaunt

Vaunt not thy combats of the field,
Greece, thou to *Ranelagh* muſt yield;
There Victors won a laurel crown
Which gave a fleeting, vain renown:
A thouſand nymphs theſe plains adorn,
Who ſeem to charm all mankind born;
With hats in which gay flowers are ſeen,
They walk majeſtic o'er the green;
The prize of beauty is their aim,
'Tis that alone they juſtly claim.
From thence that ſummum bonum ſprings,
Which, as the ſage LUCRETIUS ſings,
From indolence alone takes riſe,
Though ZENO gives it to the wiſe:
That happineſs, ſo much deſir'd,
By all men wiſh'd for and admir'd;
Which all endeavour to define,
Though none its nature can divine.
The *Engliſh* in this circus find
This ſweet deluſion of the mind;
Here COMUS ſtill in revels reigns,
And grief approaches not theſe plains;
Thus upon LETHE's famous ſhore
When mortals drank, their cares were o'er.
There graveſt Politicians dance,
And loſe their enmity to *France*;
There lovely PHILLIS by her charms
The jealous Patriot diſarms.
The Merchant's agitation's o'er,
He thinks of ſtormy ſeas no more;
He whom antiquities can pleaſe,
Enjoys the preſent hour in eaſe.

Old Ladies ſip their Tea, nor pine
To ſee young HEBE's charms divine.
The Courtezan ſo debonair,
Aſſumes a ſerious prudiſh air.
The games of FLORA † ſeek no more,
Where *Rome* exhauſted all her ſtore;
London thoſe wanton ſports proſcribes,
Where the looſe proſtituted tribes
To PLUTUS yielded all their charms,
And gladiators ſhone in arms;
Whilſt others won, to their diſgrace,
The prize of drinking, and the race.
I ſing thoſe feaſts ſo much renown'd,
Where oft the mutual loves are crown'd,
Of the diſcreet tho' amorous ſwain,
And nymph who hides her charms in vain;
But love in this enchanting ſhrine,
Doubts where he ſhould the palm conſign.

LETTER IV.

London, April 25, 1750.

My dear Siſter,

I Have not yet ſpoken to you of the grand edifices of *London*; I ſhall begin with St *Paul's*. This church is built of *Portland* ſtone, which is not liable to injury by the deſtructive fumes of ſea-coal. It is five hundred

† Games which were celebrated at *Rome* in honour of FLORA, a famous Courtezan.

hundred feet long, a hundred in breadth at the entrance, and two hundred and twenty-three at the croſs †. A little ſquare, ornamented with a ſhort ſtatue of Queen ANNE, conducts to the portal. You go up to it by twelve ſtone ſteps under a periſtilium of ſix columns, forty feet in height. The ſecond order touches the cornice of the temple, and they compute three hundred and forty feet from the ground to the ſummit of the dome. A trifling duty upon ſea-coal was almoſt ſufficient to pay the expence of erecting this vaſt pile of building; which is however ſaid to be inferior in ſize to its model, that of St *Peter* at *Rome*, leſs beautiful, and likewiſe heavier, and overcharged with ornaments.

Beyond this cathedral is to be ſeen the famous Tower built by our King WILLIAM the Conqueror. This fort is a mile in circumference; it contains the ſtate-priſoners, the archives, the mint, the lions, and the arſenal, where arms artfully ranged in order, form upon the walls, ſuns, ſerpents, Meduſa's heads, and many other ſtrange figures. In this hall are to be ſeen the ſtatues of thirty or forty kings on horſeback, armed cap-a-pee, and in ſtature equal to the life.

† St *Peter*'s at *Rome* has 226 feet in breadth at the entrance, 442 at the croſs; in height it is 578, and in length 669. *Notre Dame*, at *Paris*, is in length 408 feet, in breadth 163 feet, but its turrets are only 200 feet high.

The heroes to whoſe honour the city of *London* erects ſtatues, ſhine only by their reputation, and not by the ability of the ſculptors. Their maſterpiece is the ſtatue of CHARLES I. in copper, which was ſold by the pound during the civil wars by the Parliamentarians. The brazier who bought it, buried it, and afterwards reſtored it to the State, by which it was ſet up at *Charing-Croſs*, where this unfortunate King ſeems ſtill to contemplate the window at *Whitehall*, from which he paſſed to the ſcaffold. An accidental fire conſumed this palace, which JAMES I. began to rebuild according to the moſt elegant taſte of architecture. He finiſhed only the banquetting-houſe, where his apotheoſis is painted upon the cieling by RUBENS. Should mortals think of being enrolled in the number of the deities? This folly a Chriſtian King was guilty of, who for a moment forgot that one GOD reigns in heaven. The walls on one ſide repreſent the union of the three kingdoms, which was effected by the ſame monarch; on the other Envy, Hereſy, and Diſcord in chains. Cardinal WOLSEY made a preſent of this palace to HENRY VIII. which the preſent King ſhould finiſh. His place of reſidence, notwithſtanding the embelliſhments that have been made in it, is but an ordinary edifice, and has no external decorations. The Kings, his predeceſſors lived at *Weſtminſter*. The ruins of this great gothic

gothic palace, which was burned in the ſixteenth century, are ſtill extant. In the abbey-church are to be ſeen the monuments of the Kings, and of many eminent perſons whom this country has produced.

Honours inſpire people with emulation more than penſions. The *Engliſh*, though they are not ſo generous to the learned as we are, know better how to flatter their vanity. Marks of diſtinction encourage men of genius much more than ſuſtenance. Too much food makes them heavy; praiſe is a light aerial ſubſtance, which ſtrengthens and animates them. The hopes of being buried in *Weſtminſter*-Abbey is a powerful incentive to perſons endowed with abilities, to endeavour to diſtinguiſh themſelves in their life-time. In this abbey likewiſe are interred the remains of remarkable and extraordinary men; ſuch as THOMAS PARR, whoſe epitaph gives us to underſtand that he died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years in 1635, and lived in the reigns of ten Kings, from EDWARD IV. to * CHARLES I. We alſo ſaw the waxen figures of ſeveral Kings in their robes of ſtate, like that of King GEORGE in the great hall of the palace of *Weſtminſter*. It is there that the Parliament meets, and Ladies are admitted on the day that it riſes. Our aſtoniſhment was great: we thought we were entering

* I read not long ago in the Gazette that his grandſon died in the county of *Cork*, at thirty-two years of age.

entering into one of the moſt auguſt places in the world; the very name of it filled us with awe; we expected to ſee the one hundred and ſeventy Lords, ſpiritual and temporal, ſitting with a dignity ſuited to their important ſtations. It was quite the reverſe; we found them all jumbled together in ſcarlet robes faced with ermine, and not knowing where to ſeat themſelves; they had given up their places to the Ladies; a croud of whom in rich dreſſes filled the whole hall, excepting only a little corner reſerved for the King. His Majeſty's approach being announced by the firing of cannon, he came and ſeated himſelf upon the throne, with his crown upon his head, the Prince of *Wales* ſtanding upon his right hand, and the Duke of *Cumberland* on his left, ſurrounded by the great officers of the kingdom: one carries the ſcepter, another the ſword of ſtate; and a Speaker, choſen by the 558 members of the Houſe of Commons, comes to the bar to make a ſpeech. The King anſwers by the clerk of the crown in old *French*, *Soit fait ainſi qu'il eſt requis*; "Let it be done as deſired;" *Le Roy le veut*, "It is the King's pleaſure, or, *Vous remercie de votre benevolence*, He thanks you for your good will." Then the King makes a ſpeech, which is ſeldom very long: both houſes return him thanks; and his Majeſty goes back to St *James*'s with the ſame ceremony of guns firing, in a large gilded

gilded coach, of which but few are to be ſeen in this country.

The town is dirty and ill paved *: and the reaſon aſſigned for this is, that in a free nation citizens pave as they think proper, each before his own door: it is often neceſſary to break up the pavement, in order to mend the pipes; all the houſes in *London* are furniſhed with water from the *Thames* or the *New River*. The Ladies are carried in ſedan chairs within the barrier where paſſengers walk. In the evening two rows of lamps, which hang upon poſts, give light and make a gay appearance. The houſes have half a ſtory under ground; this obliges people to aſcend a few ſteps to come to the ſtreet-door, which is exceeding narrow: it is the ſame thing with regard to the court-yard, where coaches can ſeldom enter, and therefore put up in a lane behind the houſe. The footmen wait by a fire ſide at the bottom of the ſtairs to avoid dirtying them, and a hair-cloth or mat prevents their maſters from ſoiling the ſteps.

There is no antichamber before the ſaloon where the company meets, which is adorned with little glaſſes, and has generally a cloſet belonging to it. About a dozen buildings which are here called Palaces, but at *Paris* would

* How greatly would this Lady be ſurprized to behold the change made in ſo ſhort a time in this metropolis, which is no longer ſubject to the above reproach of foreigners, but may now be reckoned the beſt paved and beſt illuminated city in *Europe!*

paſs only for large houſes, and which men of fortune amongſt us would find many faults with, are highly eſteemed in *London*; but there are many large ſquares, that have ſomething very grand in them. To tell the plain truth, though there is great luxury in *England*, it does not come up to ours, which the people of this country imitate nevertheleſs, as all the other nations of *Europe* do, to their deſtruction. There are ſcarce any arm-chairs * in their apartments; they are ſatisfied with common chairs. The women, who uſe no paint and are always laced, (as was the cuſtom formerly in *France*) are fond of theſe ſeats: in their court-dreſſes they reſemble the pictures of our great-grandmothers; but they are extremely affable and obliging in their behaviour. If theſe Ladies do not always ſeem polite enough to the *French*, our women often carry politeneſs to exceſs, and the art which many of them have recourſe to, in order to conceal a trifling defect of nature, cauſes them to make a thouſand grimaces.

There are more women to be ſeen here at aſſemblies and at the public diverſions than at *Paris*; they frequent them even in the decline of life, without being afraid of ſhewing their wrinkles: Mothers carry their Daughters with them, who live in much leſs conſtraint

* There have been ſome alterations lately made in this and other particulars.

ſtraint than young Ladies amongſt us. I yeſterday had the pleaſure of ſeeing the Counteſs of YARMOUTH at the Duke of BEDFORD's; ſhe appeared extremely beautiful to me: the company conſiſted of perſons of the firſt quality; a row of card-tables on each ſide of a large gallery exhibited what is very rarely to be ſeen in *London*, where the apartments are ſeldom very large, even in the houſes of noblemen.

The apartments at the Duke of RICHMOND's, where we dined, are very agreeable, as they afford a pleaſing proſpect of the *Thames*, and are beautified with the richeſt ornaments; but the opulence of this nobleman ſerves only to add a luſtre to the nobleſimplicity of his manners. His taſte for literature determined him to entruſt the education of his ſons to Mr TREMBLAY, a citizen of *Geneva*, famous for the diſcoveries he has made concerning the Polypus *. Let us return to the Dutcheſs of RICHMOND, who, amongſt other amiable qualities, is remarkable for taking particular care of her family. She herſelf prepares her daughters for inoculation, and during the operation ſhuts herſelf up with them at an Apothecary's, for fear her children in the cradle, brought up under her inſpection, ſhould have the ſmall-pox before the proper age.

Few

* A little animal that inhabits the water; if it be cut into ſeveral parts, each of the parts becomes an entire Polypus.

Few of our † women of faſhion have ſo much maternal tenderneſs as to deprive themſelves of pleaſure during ſix weeks for the good of their families. I mention theſe inſtances, to prove the maternal tenderneſs of the *Engliſh* Ladies of all ranks. The ſatisfaction which they have in thus carefully diſcharging their duty, more than compenſates the want of thoſe vain amuſements, which take up our time without ſatisfying us.

THE fair one's bleſt in wiſdom's lore,
Contented with her frugal ſtore;
True virtue limits her deſires,
Her ſoul no happier lot requires.
Her duty only claims her cares,
Her Huſband in each pleaſure ſhares.
Her Children from their tendereſt age
All her maternal thoughts engage.
The conduct of the virtuous dame,
Shews that their good is all her aim.
Their hearts by reaſon's power ſhe gains,
By tenderneſs ſhe o'er them reigns.
The *Baucis*, whom my verſe recites,
Enjoys youth's pleaſures and delights;
When life declines, and beauty flies,
With her own works ſhe feaſts her eyes:
Delights, ſhe can no longer taſte,
Are by tranquillity replac'd;

Her

† Many of our Ladies, reſpectable for their laudable reſolution this way, have lately refuted this reflection which was made ten years ago.

Her ſoul outrageous time defies,
Thus virtue with compoſure dies.
Here ſadly let us contemplate
A brilliant beauty's hapleſs fate,
Who fain would ever ſhine and pleaſe,
And live in luxury and eaſe.
No pleaſures can her hours amuſe;
Still anxious care her ſteps purſues;
Gayly to dreſs in youth's bleſt prime,
Engroſſes all her thoughts and time.
But ſoon luxurious bliſs betrays
To woe, and ſpoils her halcyon days.
If ſhe forgets through wild deſires
What duty's pow'rful voice requires,
She dreads a Huſband's jealous rage,
Whoſe ſoul no tender thoughts engage.
Her Lover with deluſive art
Deceives, whilſt ſtill he ſooths her heart.
The Children, whom her pride neglects,
With coldneſs pay her their reſpects;
Such outward forms her caprice craves;
Suſpiciouſly ſhe eyes her ſlaves.
When from her cheek the colour flies,
Her livid paleneſs ſhocks the eyes,
And in her ſad, forſaken age
The world inſpires regret and rage.
Death, which ſhe dreads, draws near each day,
She feels a gradual decay:
The ills, which all her life muſt laſt,
Reproach her with her pleaſures paſt:
Who would ſo dearly pleaſures buy?
Who would ſo live, if ſo to die?

LETTER

LETTER V.

London, May 25, 1750.

My dear Siſter,

I Received this morning the moſt delightful preſents in the world; my Lady MONTAGUE ſent me a new and elegant edition of MILTON; my Lady ALLEN ſent me two little veſſels of *Agate*; and the Duke of RICHMOND a preſent of Fruit, which I did not know what to make of, being uſed only to comfits. So many marks of affection pleaſe me the more, as the *Engliſh* are thought to be ſincere in their friendſhips. They are falſly accuſed of receiving foreigners ill. I cannot believe that their favours are confined to us. It is true, we but little reſemble the natives of our country, who diſlike every opinion that is not familiar to them. But the more the cuſtoms of foreign nations differ from ours, the more our curioſity is gratified when we ſee them. Travellers do not viſit foreign parts to communicate their modes, but to obſerve the diverſity of manners in different kingdoms. There is nothing which ſhould more excite our wonder, than to ſee how much more prevalent the ſpirit of patriotiſm is here than amongſt us. In the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, GRESHAM, a merchant

merchant of *London*, built at his own expence the *Royal Exchange*, a College, and five Hoſpitals, and left funds for the ſupport of Profeſſors. Dr HARVEY, who firſt diſcovered the circulation of the blood, bequeathed his houſe and his whole eſtate to the faculty. Sir HUGH MIDDLETON, ſorry to ſee a great part of the town in want of wholeſom water, was at a vaſt expence to ſupply this want, by turning the courſe of the *New River* towards it. Sir JOHN COTTON left to the State the *Weſtminſter* Library *; that of the Duke of NORFOLK belongs to the Royal Society, founded by CHARLES II. Mr FOLK is the Preſident; our great FONTENELLE recommended me to his care, by the honourable appellation of his daughter; you may judge then that I have been well received. Yeſterday he carried us to one of his aſſemblies, where we breakfaſted with his daughter, who is very pretty. He ſhewed us the plan of *London*, which he had drawn, and we were convinced by it that this metropolis is as big as *Paris*. He is of opinion likewiſe that the number of inhabitants is nearly equal in both cities. They tell us, that its walls were built by CONSTANTINE, ſince which time it has been ſo extended, that its circumference is thirty miles. The fire in 1666 burned down 13000 wooden houſes, St *Paul*'s cathedral, and many other churches.

* Now depoſited in the *Britiſh* Muſeum.

The loſs was computed to amount to two hundred millions of money, *French* coin. In three years time ten thouſand houſes were rebuilt, and a hundred public edifices, either of ſtone or brick. The inhabitants availed themſelves of this opportunity to enlarge many of the ſtreets. The rich citizens had an inclination to embelliſh ſuch quarters of the town as had been deſtroyed by the fire; but their feeble attempts evidently prove, that their taſte for architecture was then only in its infancy; it has ſince been ſomewhat improved; but in commerce they have made a much more conſiderable progreſs.

I thought that a philoſophical ſpirit was more general amongſt the *Engliſh* than it is; we were ſurprized the other day to ſee ten thouſand of the inhabitants of *London* run away to their country-houſes for fear of an earthquake, which had been foretold by a ſoldier; the falſe prophet was puniſhed for his impoſture by a ſhort confinement, by which he payed for the folly of the credulous. Such a prediction would never have occaſioned ſo much terror in *Paris*. Notwithſtanding theſe remains of Superſtition, many books filled with profound philoſophical reaſonings are every day publiſhed in *England*; but correctneſs and elegance in Writing, and a juſt taſte in Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, are there ſtill in their infant ſtate. They have, however, a fine column of the doric order,

order, two hundred feet high and fifteen in diameter, erected in commemoration of the terrible fire which I ſpoke of above. One of the inſcriptions aſcribes this calamity to the machinations of the papiſts. Gun-powder treaſon, which happened in the reign of JAMES I. is another of the crimes which they are accuſed of by the proteſtants. The monument erected in remembrance of the fire of *London*, is upon the right as you come to *London* Bridge, where the large veſſels lie at anchor.

On the other ſide, the river offers to the view a thouſand watermen, who are always ready to carry paſſengers from one end of the town to the other. We are told that they took upon the *Thames*, in the year 1200, a Sea-man, which they ſupported on ſhore for ſix months, and then threw it again into the water. In 1606, the tide, which there riſes very high, brought up with it a whale, and carried it back again. The mariners in their mock fights bring a croud of people to the quays, which makes a diverting ſight.

As we go up the river, we meet with *Chelſea*, celebrated for a magnificent hoſpital for decayed ſoldiers, a China manufacture, and Sir HANS SLOANE's Cabinet, which is famous all over *Europe* for its curioſities *. We examined fourteen rooms which were filled with books and rarities, and we ſaw in

* Now depoſited in the *Britiſh* Muſeum.

the garden the ſkull of a whale, which, in ſize, equals a table that holds twelve diſhes. This curious old Gentleman intends, as it is ſaid, to bequeath theſe fruits of his inquiries to the Royal Society of *London*, which is already rich in things of this nature. Dr MEAD, a celebrated Phyſician, is likewiſe poſſeſſed of great literary treaſures. He ſhewed us coloured plans of all the ancient Freſco Paintings, which have been preſerved ſince the days of old *Rome*; a fine collection of the pictures of ſeveral different ſchools; a head of HOMER, ſaved out of the fire of *Corinth*; *Egyptian* bronzes, and the pictures of the greateſt Poets and moſt eminent Philoſophers of his country; ornaments worthy the care of a good citizen. He preſented us with Chocolate made after the *Mexico* faſhion. I eaſily uſe myſelf to theſe foreign diſhes, and even to the ſimple cookery of the *Engliſh*, of which we have ſo bad an opinion, (their ſubſtantial meat, their plumb-pudding, their fiſh) which is cheaper here than at *Paris*, and is ſerved up at every meal, and their fowls with buttered ſauce, are excellent. They make wine, like ours, of cherries, which very much reſembles *Burgundy*, and with it they ſerve up in baſkets, made of ruſhes or of ſilver, little bits of bread, like our conſecrated cakes; the ſhare of ſix perſons would hardly ſatisfy me. I had been told that they ſeldom entertained foreigners; but I, for my part,

part, found them ſtrict obſervers of the rites of hoſpitality. We have hitherto paſſed only two days without being invited to dinner. The morning is with them very long: they do not ſit down to table till about four a clock.

The men go out early in the morning, dreſſed in frocks, either to take a walk or a ride; at their return, they generally dine at a tavern; they moſt of them go incognito to the Play or to *Vauxhall*; it is not thought neceſſary to dreſs except to appear at the Opera or at the places where they are invited to dine. Men of quality reſort to a Chocolate-houſe, where the proprietor furniſhes them, for three hundred guineas a year apiece, candles, firing, refreſhments, and ſuppers plentiful enough to cauſe frequent indigeſtions; deep gaming is there ſo common, that a whole fortune may be eaſily loſt. Theſe ſocieties conſiſt of about a hundred perſons; no candidate is admitted into them without being elected by the unanimous ſuffrages of all the members; and whoever behaves ill, is expelled the ſociety. People of all ranks have clubs, which they regulate by ſuch laws as they think proper; there is one now in *London*, where none of the members is allowed to ſpeak above a few minutes; a very eloquent Baker who is preſident of this ſociety, holds a watch in his hand and a hammer, with which he

gives a ſtroke as ſoon as ever the time is expired; every one preſent liſtens in ſilence; and the deſire of expreſſing his thoughts with perſpicuity, makes the ſpeaker very conciſe. It would be well if our ſtory-tellers were laid under the ſame reſtraint. People of faſhion, who have a curioſity to aſſiſt at this aſſembly, are admitted upon the ſame conditions. The *Engliſh* gentry are neither ambitious of titles nor honours; yet the common people here pay more reſpect to the nobility than amongſt us, though they do not exact it. The odes and prefaces addreſſed to them, are at leaſt as full of praiſes as thoſe of our authors.

At the entertainments of the lovers of literature, we did not fail to celebrate the ingenious authors of *Tom Jones* and *Clariſſa*. In our turn we have been often aſked an account of the author of *Marianne* and the *Fortunate Peaſant*. The famous Aſtronomer, BRADLY, does honour to the Royal Society. *Parnaſſus* has no longer a SHAKESPEARE or an ADDISON * in this country. I have met with Mrs PRINCE, of our city of *Rouen*, who compoſes excellent treatiſes concerning the education of young perſons, and is very ſucceſsful in reducing them to practice. An *Italian*, whoſe name is MATI, publiſhes a Journal

* Ladies who were acquainted with this divine moraliſt informed me, that the evenneſs of his temper made him always equally agreeable in company; whereas POPE was good company only by ſtarts.

Journal here, which is in great eſteem all over *Europe*. You know what high favour VOLTAIRE and MONTESQUIEU are in with the *Engliſh*; yeſterday we drank their healths at the Earl of CHESTERFIELD's, after a meal which was by no means philoſophical, that is to ſay frugal: this learned Nobleman has the misfortune of having a *French* cook. Noblemen, in all probability by the advice of Phyſicians, whoſe intereſt it is to deſtroy their ſtomachs, have recourſe to theſe poiſoners. Our ſenſeleſs luxury will by degrees corrupt all nations: but we ſhall not ſee them in the ſtate to which it has reduced us; it will annihilate us before their fall.

You who love the frugal life of our ſhepherds, muſt applaud the harangues which I repeatedly make againſt luxury and effeminacy. This hatred is hereditary to me; my Father had it before me; I take the liberty to make him a compliment thereon, and requeſt it of you to preſent it to him, in order to ſupply the place of a Letter.

To my FATHER.

To thee, whoſe care firſt form'd my youth,
I ſend theſe lines inſpir'd by truth:
Thou, who didſt ev'n when young and gay,
To ſacred wiſdom homage pay,
Art bleſt tho' far advanc'd in age
With vigour, as in life's firſt ſtage.

The keenneſs of thy appetite
Makes all thy frugal meals delight;
In vain MOURIER † with all his art,
Would to the great ſuch joys impart;
Their taſte by Luxury's deſtroy'd,
They are not ſatisfy'd, but cloy'd.
DIOGENES, that cynic fam'd,
The great, through pride and paſſion, blam'd.
Thy mind is ſimple, void of art,
No guile a place finds in thy heart.
Thy ſoul is from ambition free,
But yet to praiſe thee all agree.
Without deſpiſing rank or gold,
Thou eaſe the good ſupreme doſt hold:
Not that at which LUCRETIUS aim'd,
Such ſlothful indolence is blam'd;
Nor apathy, of which before
Rome made her boaſts in days of yore;
But that calm ſunſhine of the mind
Which men of ſenſe rejoice to find,
When age their heads hath ſilver'd o'er,
And when of Love they think no more.

As you do not underſtand *Engliſh*, I thought it unneceſſary to ſend you the verſes, which were compoſed here in my praiſe; but to amuſe your ſolitary hours, or perhaps only to teaze and peſter you, I am every day ſending you ſome of my own. I here ſubjoin the copy of verſes I wrote to thank Lady Mon-

† A famous Cook.

MONTAGUE † for the edition of MILTON, of which ſhe made me a preſent, and for doing me the honour to deſire a ſight of my works.

THY noble preſents ſtrike my heart,
And prove in thine I have a part:
My works, not worthy to be ſhewn,
I ſend, to make my duty known.
Thus heavenly favours to return
Mortals ſing hymns, and incenſe burn.
Thy favours always pleaſe me more
Than bounteous fortune's richeſt ſtore,
When favours ſhe beſtows, how blind!
To importunity how kind!
But ſtill thy penetrating eye
Can eaſily true merit ſpy;
Thy preſents then convince me beſt,
That kind indulgence fills thy breaſt.

LETTER VI.

London, May 12, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

YOU complain that I never give you an account of my health; it is in ſo variable a ſtate, that whatever I ſhould ſay of it would no longer be true, by the time my letters came to

† A relation of the celebrated Lady WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

to hand. With regard to the *Engliſh* government, of which you deſire to hear my opinion, you might receive better information from books than from any letters of mine; but you could never learn from them my ſentiments concerning it. To me it appears, that the diverſity of parties neceſſary to ſupport a balance of power, gives riſe to too great a ſpirit of contention in this kingdom, whence proceeds inſincerity in debates; and no man ſteady in his principles can continue faithful to his party, which in proceſs of time is liable to change. Have not we ſeen the Whigs and Tories alternately maintain the opinions of the oppoſite party; inſomuch that hiſtorians are at a loſs how to aſcertain their reſpective tenets? The caſe was the ſame with the Guelphs and Gibelines in *Italy*, and ſo it will be in all great factions. In this country the love of Liberty ſeems to make ſlaves of its defenders. The Members of the Houſe of Lords hold their places by hereditary right, they are therefore under no neceſſity of making intereſt to be elected; but their credit in parliament is always proportioned to the number of creatures they have in the Houſe of Commons: as it is of the higheſt importance to them to have their relations and friends elected into this aſſembly, they are under a neceſſity of courting the populace, by whoſe votes every candidate for a ſeat is choſen or rejected

In

In the country towns, when the time of election is at hand, he who is at moſt expence in treating all comers, and making them drunk at his own coſt in the public houſes, which are upon that occaſion kept open, is always ſure of getting the moſt votes for the candidate whom he patroniſes. When the competitors are rich and obſtinate, the expence is enormous. If the parliament of *Paris* were elective, the *French* Ladies would find means by intriguing to procure many a Counſellor a ſeat. In this country they have but little influence in public affairs, yet they are admitted to wear the crown, and govern the nation. Peereſſes have ſeats, and diſtinguiſhing ornaments at all great public ceremonies. Our Ladies (though the *French* nation is famous for its galantry) have no diſtinguiſhed rank; all acceſs to the throne is denied them; and they are not even admitted to hold a place in any Academy. Let us at preſent paſs over theſe contradictions which are ſo frequent in the world, and return to the ſubject of the vaſt ſums which the *Engliſh* Gentlemen ſpend at elections; though at a diſtance from their ſeats, they are under a neceſſity of keeping open houſe there, in order to entertain the gentry of the neighbourhood. Such trouble are they at to acquire the good-will of the people round about.

I was

I was yeſterday admiring the elegance of a Court-Lady's toilet, whereupon ſhe told me, that if one of her tenants were to take a fancy to breakfaſt upon it, ſhe would be obliged to comply, in order to gain him over. In *France* we cringe to the great, in *England* the great cringe to the populace: but to compenſate for this, people of inferior rank often ſtand in need of the patronage of the great, and for that reaſon pay them a voluntary homage. From this mutual dependence ſprings the beſt form of government that can be conceived, were it poſſible to rectify its abuſes; but what human inſtitution is free from ſuch? The world is full of them; our neighbours, however, by reſiſting the yoke, become hard to be led, and reſerve to themſelves a right of chooſing their leaders.

The Lord Mayor of *London*, who is at the head of a conſiderable juriſdiction, is annually elected by the city: his government, though but ſhort, is brilliant: there is a large palace built for his reception; but though he does not inhabit it, it ſerves him upon Court-days, and when he is called upon by any ceremony. On the day of his inſtallation he treats the Nobility and the Royal Family at this palace, which is called the Manſion-Houſe. In 1356, a Lord Mayor, whoſe name was PICARD, had the honour of ſeeing four Monarchs at his table:

EDWARD

EDWARD III. King of *England*, the unfortunate King JOHN of *France*, DAVID II. King of *Scotland*, and a King of *Cyprus*, of the name of LUSIGNAN.

Sovereign Princes are looked upon in a very different light at *London*, from what they are at *Paris*. The ſpirit of Liberty, which makes the people leſs complaiſant, admits likewiſe of all ſorts of religions, Preſbyterians, Anabaptiſts, Catholics, Epiſcopalians, Jews, *&c.* We went the other day to a Quaker's Meeting. I aſſumed the ſimple habit of a female Quaker, imitated their compoſed behaviour, and took my ſeat amongſt their women. If any of them happen to be enlightened by a prophetic ſpirit, they riſe, like the prieſteſs of the oracle at *Delphi*, make a thouſand contorſions, and preach upon a ſtool inſtead of a tripod. We were very deſirous of ſeeing one of them in the enthuſiaſtic fit; but the Spirit gave us an opportunity of hearing none but men, who uttered their inſpirations in a wretched manner, and repeated the ſame thing a thouſand times over; perhaps the profane are not capable of underſtanding them. We were of that number; however, their deliberate pronunciation made it very eaſy for us to underſtand their *Engliſh*. From the Quakers Meeting we went to the Jewiſh Synagogue, whence the frightful cries of their Hebrew prayers made us fly with all ſpeed.

After

After having dwelt ſo long upon what ſtruck us moſt in *London* during our ſhort reſidence in that Metropolis, it is time to give you an account of the little excurſions which we made in the environs.

We dined yeſterday nine miles from town, at the Lord Chief Juſtice's; the gravity of whoſe habit and noble ſimplicity of deportment, are truly worthy of a ſenator. His wife conforms to the ſame manners; and even their villa is built in the ſame taſte. The ſtructure is regular; the apartments are large and well furniſhed; the dining-room, which reſembles thoſe of our anceſtors, preſents two great ſide-boards of plate; and the tables plenty of every thing good, but no ragouts. The Park, according to the cuſtom of the country, is ſtocked with deer, whoſe tender fleſh, though it is but little liked by the *French*, is highly eſteemed by the *Engliſh*. We have different meats, different manners, and different prepoſſeſſions: even the practice of phyſic is here ſo different from what it is with us, that as I cannot conceive how the diſtance of a hundred leagues is able to produce ſuch a variation, I am tempted to think that it is a ſcience founded entirely upon hypotheſis. In *Italy* beef-broth is thought the fitteſt for ſick perſons, in *France* veal broth, and in *England* mutton and chicken broth; the meat of which the broth is made is never eaten, it is thought

thought too much done; and the broth of that which is eaten, is generally thrown away. Great lobſters, crabs and raddiſhes are ſerved up at all tables, as helps to digeſtion. Their Phyſicians require exorbitant fees, ſeldom preſcribe bleeding, and clyſters but rarely; bliſters are generally applied to thoſe that are in a dying condition; their drink is beer, and their food bread and butter; in *Holland* it is cheeſe and tea; in *Ireland* potatoes, the ordinary food of the inhabitants. People die in all countries alike notwithſtanding.

When we take a view of the world, of books and of life, we eaſily perceive, that the different ways people have of dreſſing themſelves, of impairing their conſtitutions, of curing their diſorders, of lodging, of eating, of gaining each others favours, and of cheating, are all in effect much the ſame. You will then very probably ſay, it is unneceſſary to give one's ſelf the trouble of travelling. Excuſe me, it is an advantage to have it in our power to convince ourſelves by experience of what by reaſon we could only conjecture: in fact, we ſee that both extremes are in all countries much the ſame: the want of bread amongſt people of the lower claſs, and of honours amongſt Courtiers, reduces them to the ſame meanneſſes; in the middle claſs human nature lying under leſs reſtraint, varies according to education

education and climate. But I muſt take my leave of you, I am ſuddenly called off from theſe moral reflections to viſit *Kenſington*, a country-ſeat belonging to the King, which is not far diſtant from the Metropolis. I muſt therefore bid adieu to you for the preſent.

LETTER VII.

London, May 16, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

WE are now arrived at *Kenſington*. The outſide of the Palace is irregular, and built of Brick. We entered by a ſort of dormitory, which leads to a great ſtair-caſe painted by an *Engliſhman* of little genius; but he was ſo great a maſter of perſpective, that his figures appear in fact to lean over the baluſtrade. The apartments are large and well furniſhed; pictures by BASSANO and TINTORET adorn one of the galleries; in the other are to be ſeen the portraits of all the Kings and Queens of *England* that reigned ſince HENRY VIII. The eye is next delighted with a great piece of water, and lawns very much admired for the beauty of the verdure. All the walks, inſtead of being ſtrewed with ſand, are covered with green-ſod; notwithſtanding the care that is every

every day taken to mow and level it with a rolling-ſtone, it moiſtens the feet whenever it rains: this makes theſe gardens reſemble ſmooth green meadows, which have no ſtatues in them, and command no proſpect. An artificial mount, ſurrounded with pine-trees, ſeems very proper for opening a view to the plain; but the turret which crowns it turns uſeleſly upon a pivot; the trees overſhadow it, and the dry ſoil which nouriſhes them, offers nothing pleaſing to the eye. Let us now take a view of the other palaces.

As we go up the *Thames* in queſt of them, we ſee the country-ſeat and fine terraſs of Mr VANECK, a famous Banker, by whom ſtrangers are received in the moſt generous and hoſpitable manner. At a little diſtance from thence you diſcover *Richmond*, one of the King's houſes, where he ſometimes dines. A vaſt terraſs covered with a graſs-plot, which runs along the river ſide, conſtitutes its principal ornament: the numerous and pleaſant thickets preſent to the view a place of conſiderable extent, called the Foreſt; where, the better to imitate nature, art has, without any order, planted great trees, ſome of them erect, ſome of them crooked, one half withered away, another ſurrounded with ſhrubs. The Park, which is filled with deer and all ſorts of game, would have been nothing but meadows, if taſte had not varied and divided hem into cultivated lands, or raiſed them

into eminences ſurrounded with canals, which have a communication with the *Thames*. Theſe canals lead to a Grotto, the ſtones of which, unpoliſhed without-ſide, form within a vault adorned with ſculpture. The famous MERLIN, Counſellor to King ARTHUR, who was believed to be begot by an incubus, has there likewiſe his cave, made in imitation of that which he occupied in *Wales*, the place of his nativity. The late Queen, who was a lover of ſubterraneous caverns, cauſed one to be conſtructed in the form of a labyrinth, in which narrow, dark and winding alleys conduct the ſteps of the curious. We there meet with the figures of travellers, who ſeem to walk trembling all the way towards the entrance of the cavern. A low and gothic door, filled with hieroglyphics, leads to this awful place, to which you deſcend by a walk covered with pebbles over-grown with moſs. The enchanter ſits upon a tripod, loaden with books of magick and armillary ſpheres. ANN BOLEYN and Queen ELIZABETH conſult him, accompanied by their nurſes, perſons very proper to aſſiſt at theſe puerile myſteries.

Oppoſite to theſe places, and on the other ſide of the river, is to be ſeen *Sion*, a vaſt palace belonging to the Dukes of *Northumberland*, with four fronts, and flanked with towers. The enemies of the church of *Rome* report, that it was formerly inhabited by monks, who viſited

viſited a female convent at *Richmond*, by means of a vault, which, it is ſaid, is ſtill in being, and runs under the *Thames*.

This fine river waters *Hampton-Court*, which was built by Cardinal WOLSEY, Miniſter and favourite of HENRY VIII. WILLIAM the third, King of *England*, lived in this palace and embelliſhed it; four courts, ſurrounded with four different piles of building, contain fifteen hundred apartments magnificently furniſhed: in one of the largeſt are the ſeven famous Cartoons of RAPHAEL *, which repreſent the acts of the apoſtles; LEWIS XIV. could not purchaſe them for two millions of livres. The inſide of the apartments not only gratifies our curioſity, but the country round about preſents to the view a moſt delightful proſpect. A great canal croſſes the gardens, planted with yews, like our ancient parterres, which are now out of faſhion.

There are here ſome thickets laid out in our modern taſte, in which the *Engliſh* think there is too much ſymmetry. They prefer to ſpouting waters thoſe which have a level ſurface, as more natural; and winding walks to ſtraight alleys, the extremity of which is immediately taken in by the eye. They even make canals run in a ſerpentine form, that they may appear the more natural, and caſt unequal ſhades upon the banks, which are covered with green turf and trees, in the form

* Now removed to the Queen's Palace.

into eminences ſurrounded with canals, which have a communication with the *Thames*. Theſe canals lead to a Grotto, the ſtones of which, unpoliſhed without-ſide, form within a vault adorned with ſculpture. The famous MERLIN, Counſellor to King ARTHUR, who was believed to be begot by an incubus, has there likewiſe his cave, made in imitation of that which he occupied in *Wales*, the place of his nativity. The late Queen, who was a lover of ſubterraneous caverns, cauſed one to be conſtructed in the form of a labyrinth, in which narrow, dark and winding alleys conduct the ſteps of the curious. We there meet with the figures of travellers, who ſeem to walk trembling all the way towards the entrance of the cavern. A low and gothic door, filled with hieroglyphics, leads to this awful place, to which you deſcend by a walk covered with pebbles over-grown with moſs. The enchanter ſits upon a tripod, loaden with books of magick and armillary ſpheres. ANN BOLEYN and Queen ELIZABETH conſult him, accompanied by their nurſes, perſons very proper to aſſiſt at theſe puerile myſteries.

Oppoſite to theſe places, and on the other ſide of the river, is to be ſeen *Sion*, a vaſt palace belonging to the Dukes of *Northumberland*, with four fronts, and flanked with towers. The enemies of the church of *Rome* report, that it was formerly inhabited by monks, who viſited

viſited a female convent at *Richmond*, by means of a vault, which, it is ſaid, is ſtill in being, and runs under the *Thames*.

This fine river waters *Hampton-Court*, which was built by Cardinal WOLSEY, Miniſter and favourite of HENRY VIII. WILLIAM the third, King of *England*, lived in this palace and embelliſhed it; four courts, ſurrounded with four different piles of building, contain fifteen hundred apartments magnificently furniſhed: in one of the largeſt are the ſeven famous Cartoons of RAPHAEL *, which repreſent the acts of the apoſtles; LEWIS XIV. could not purchaſe them for two millions of livres. The inſide of the apartments not only gratifies our curioſity, but the country round about preſents to the view a moſt delightful proſpect. A great canal croſſes the gardens, planted with yews, like our ancient parterres, which are now out of faſhion.

There are here ſome thickets laid out in our modern taſte, in which the *Engliſh* think there is too much ſymmetry. They prefer to ſpouting waters thoſe which have a level ſurface, as more natural; and winding walks to ſtraight alleys, the extremity of which is immediately taken in by the eye. They even make canals run in a ſerpentine form, that they may appear the more natural, and caſt unequal ſhades upon the banks, which are covered with green turf and trees, in the form

* Now removed to the Queen's Palace.

in which they are produced by nature. We ſaw a delightful artificial rivulet of this ſort at Lord BURLINGTON's near *London*. His gardens are large and beautifully adorned: it is ſaid that the houſe is a miniature of the famous Palace of the Marquis of CAPRA at *Vicenza*, which was built according to a plan given by PALLADIO; but the proportions of a lofty edifice, when reduced to a ſmall compaſs, loſe all their grace, and no longer produce the ſame effect.

The *Engliſh* often travel to *Italy*, and there contract a taſte for columns and pediments; but they reduce theſe antique coloſſus's to porticos and caſtles for pigmies. The Earl of BURLINGTON has ſpent three millions of livres in embelliſhing his gardens, and building near his houſe his little *Italian* Palace, which is filled with the moſt precious rarities. He has notwithſtanding a revenue of three hundred thouſand livres a year, which he ſpends in retirement, by ſetting artiſts to work.

In this country Noblemen are richer than in ours, and ſpend their money in gratifying their particular taſtes, whilſt they throw away much leſs money than ours upon the articles of footmen, dreſs, pagods, and jewels: the neceſſity they are under to improve their minds with ſtudy, in order to make a figure in Parliament, keeps them from thoſe vain amuſements to which the deſire of pleaſing enſlaves

enſlaves the *French* Nobility. At our Court preferment is to be obtained only by the intrigues of Women and Miniſters; for this reaſon it is neceſſary for courtiers to become ſupple, and cultivate the art of pleaſing. In *London*, reſolution and a maſculine eloquence lead to honours: in order therefore to attain them, they are obliged to ſtudy ancient authors, and improve their minds with wiſe maxims; and if they aim to ſhine in the adminiſtration, they are equally obliged to ſtudy politics. Hence the deſire of riſing, which makes the nobility amongſt us have recourſe to frivolous amuſements and diſſipation, induces the great in this country to attach themſelves to ſtudy. They endeavour by travelling to improve their reaſon, which has before been exerciſed by books, and that often till the age of twenty, at *Oxford* or *Cambridge* Univerſities. I am now going to ſet out for the former of thoſe learned ſeminaries, of which I ſhall give you an account at my return.

LETTER VIII.

London, May 30, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

YOU appear to me to be ſatisfied with my mother's health, with your own, and my punctual correſpondence. I read the letter, in which you give me this information, with the higheſt ſatisfaction, upon my arrival at *Oxford*. We were accompanied by two *Engliſh* Knights in this little excurſion. We firſt paſſed by *Windſor*, whoſe foreſt Mr POPE has celebrated in an admirable poem.

The Duke of *Cumberland* has here a hunting-ſeat, ſeparated by a long avenue from the Royal Caſtle, which ſtands upon a hill, from whence we diſcover a vaſt and fertile plain, watered by the *Thames*. Ever ſince the reign of WILLIAM the Conqueror, the *Engliſh* Kings have been conſtantly laviſhing embelliſhments upon this abode, favoured by nature. EDWARD III. who made the Counteſs of *Saliſbury*'s garter a mark of diſtinction, there fixed the reſidence of the order of the Garter, and built the caſtle in a taſte very pleaſing to the eye. Perhaps I may herein diſcover a want of taſte, but I muſt own I like gothic buildings, ſuch as St OWEN's Church

at

at *Rouen*. It has few admirers like me; but my taſte is ſupported by the concurrence of perſons, whoſe opinion is of more weight than that of a multitude. The Chapel at *Windſor*, where HENRY VIII. and CHARLES I. were buried, is in this romantic taſte of architecture. The boldneſs of the vault ſurprizes connoiſſeurs, and the ſinging of the choir, accompanied by the organ, delighted my ear like celeſtial melody. The evening and the place contributed to my deluſion. I would gladly have paſſed the whole night in hearing prayers and anthems. This enchantment was broke by another, which appeared to me equally exquiſite. The terras of the caſtle by moon-light has a moſt delightful proſpect. From this gentle gleam the architecture derived new charms; it ſhed a luſtre upon the *Thames*, and formed diſtant proſpects to which my imagination gave an indefinite length.

I was almoſt equally pleaſed the day following. This ſpacious terras affords a delightful view. The apartments in the caſtle are large and well furniſhed.

In St GEORGE's Hall, where the feaſt of the Knights of the Garter is celebrated, there is a picture in which EDWARD the black Prince is repreſented bringing to his father EDWARD III, our King JOHN, and two other Kings, who were formerly priſoners at *Windſor*. There are likewiſe chimney

pieces which are very much admired, and frames adorned with white wood, cut into the form of flowers and all ſorts of animals, with ſurprizing art. The artiſt to whom the world is indebted for theſe extraordinary works, lived in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, who was at great expence to beſtow decorations upon the places which I am now deſcribing.

It was with regret we left them in order to viſit the famous caſtle of *Blenheim*, which was built at the expence of the parliament to perpetuate the memory of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories. Theſe monuments, which coſt the nation twenty millions of livres, reflect as much honour on it as on the hero whom they immortalize. The tapeſtry hangings and the paintings of this palace repreſent the exploits of the Duke; the library in the gallery, which has neither pictures nor gilding, and the bottom of which is adorned only by a picture of Queen ANNE, is embelliſhed with ſculptures in an excellent taſte: a colonade leads to the Chapel, where is to be ſeen a ſuperb Mauſoleum of the duke of *Marlborough*: The edifice, which is of a rich and immenſe architecture, is too low and too heavy; this fault had been frequently committed by VANBRUGH, who gave the plan of it, and this occaſioned the Epitaph, in which the author alludes to the ancient cuſtom of wiſhing that the earth may lie light upon

upon the dead; the words, which are either Mr POPE's or Doctor SWIFT's, are as follow;

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The *Engliſh* have brought the art of poliſhing ſteel to great perfection. At *Woodſtock*, near *Blenheim*, are to be ſeen the maſterpieces of this ſort of workmanſhip. They ſhew their goods to ſtrangers as they paſs this way, who generally buy ſome of them, and ſet out next day for *Oxford*. We were travelling to that place, where we arrived betimes. This city, which was ſet apart by King ALFRED for the education of youth, preſents to the view on every ſide Colleges, Libraries, Gardens, Doctors with four cornered caps, Scholars in their gowns, and Shops and Markets to ſupply their neceſſities. Whatever might interrupt the ſtudies of the Scholars, as gaming, plays, and complaiſant beauties, are baniſhed from this place. The very air of the country breathes the pureſt precepts of morality. Every object that offers there inculcates virtue and ſcience. The theatre, which has a fine dome built by SHELDON Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, in which the public exerciſes of the univerſity are performed, is one of its fineſt buildings. There is erected hard by a noble edifice, in which are cabinets for chemiſtry, medals and natural

ral hiſtory; we there ſaw the ancient *Arundelian* marbles, the correct preſs of *Clarendon*, and an anatomical theatre, where they ſhew the ſkeleton of a widow who had ten huſbands, and was hanged at thirty ſix years of age, for having poiſoned four of them.

What diſguſted me in this learned city, during the ſhort ſtay we made in it, was to feel in the month of *May*, a *December*-wind, which gave me a ſore throat; to find a ſharp pavement which hurt my feet; and to ſee the *Parian* or *Arundel* marbles thrown careleſsly to the bottom of a damp cellar. Is it poſſible that the *Engliſh*, in ſeeking for the precious remains of *Greece* and *Rome*, reſemble conquerors or lovers, who are eager to acquire at a great expence the object of their wiſhes, and equally ready to neglect it when once it is in their poſſeſſion? There is likewiſe another circumſtance which one cannot approve of, I mean the cuſtom of diſtinguiſhing the *Oxford* Scholars according to their birth and fortune, by a gown more or leſs rich. At the Muſes ſeats all ranks ought to be equal. It is more allowable to boaſt of wit, beauty, ſtrength, health and riches, than of birth; becauſe the former gifts may be uſeful to others; but of what benefit is an honourable family without merit? In order to ſuppreſs that vanity, which ſprings up too naturally in the minds of young perſons, it would be adviſable to uſe them from their early

early youth to ſet a value upon no praiſe but that which is acquired by virtue. I would recommend this precept to my nephews, to whom I here give my compliments. You inform me that the Chevalier is received in the corps of muſqueteers: If I take pleaſure in giving leſſons, he will no doubt often afford me occaſion to exerciſe my talent that way: in the mean time, I endeavour to learn by ſtudying books as well as men. All the books in the Bodleian library are chained upon the ſhelves: oppoſite to the deſks are ſeats for thoſe that read. This is an excellent contrivance, it prevents thoſe that come to ſtudy from carrying off any thing more than the ſoul of the book, the body is always left behind. I have ſeen at Sir HANS SLOANE's a machine contrived in ſuch a manner, as to enable a reader to conſult ſeveral books at a time. It is a great wheel that turns upon two pivots ſurrounded with ten or twelve deſks, which turn at the pleaſure of the reader, who is ſeated in his arm chair; and it is ſo contrived that none of the books can either ſhut or fall down. Theſe deſcriptions take up ſo much of my time and paper, that I am obliged to defer to another opportunity the concluſion of this account of my ramble to *Oxford*. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

London, June 4. 1750.

Dear Siſter,

I Can no longer defer ſending you the concluſion of what happened to us in our excurſion to *Oxford*. We left it in the evening and loſt our way as we were going to *Greencaſtle*, which however is diſtant from it but three miles. Baron SCHUTZ, keeper of the King's wardrobe, to whom it belongs, and his Lady, preſſed us warmly to ſpend a few days with them. The place where we ſaw them, is embelliſhed both by nature and art, and their politeneſs made the time we ſtayed with them paſs away in the moſt agreeable manner imaginable. We took many a pleaſant walk there. Our hoſts firſt ſhewed us a little antique temple, an obeliſk, and other ornaments of their gardens, and accompanied us upon graſs-plots to the banks of a little natural rivulet, which after many turnings and windings ends at a grotto of ſhell-work, towards which its courſe is turned. From a ſmall eminence, which was alſo formed by their hands, they ſhewed us MILTON's houſe, to which I bowed with all the reverence with which that poet's memory inſpires me. And that we might be the more thoroughly acquainted

quainted with the manners of the country, our curioſity was not ſatisfied with taking a view of the villa's of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood; we viſited even the cottages of ſhepherds and the houſes of farmers. People of this claſs have their houſes well furniſhed, are well dreſſed, and eat well; the pooreſt country girls drink tea, have bodices of chintz, ſtraw hats on their heads, and ſcarlet cloaks upon their ſhoulders. Their huſbands ſwill themſelves with liquor at their leiſure, their cattle lies under the open air without being afraid of wolves, which were long ſince deſtroyed in this country, and corn is kept a whole winter at the mill without being ſpoiled. In *France* our farms ruin us by the number of buildings we erect upon them; but it would be a difficult matter to reconcile our country peaſants to this œconomy. Men are always complaining of their cuſtoms, yet are incenſed at thoſe who attempt to reform them: I ſhall treat farther of this ſubject in a proper place; in the mean time let me return to my excurſion.

We ſtopped for a while to take a view of a collection of the pictures of great men by VANDYKE, at a fine ſeat built by the famous CLARENDON, anceſtor of Lord HYDE: you have ſeen the latter at *Paris*, where he contracted that taſte which made him furniſh it in the French faſhion at his return. His ſiſter, the Dutcheſs of QUEENSBURY, as famous for her

her wit as her beauty, honours me with her friendſhip. I ſhall here give you a ſtroke of her character. We are told that ſhe once handed about ſome verſes of POPE's, which offended the King to ſuch a degree that his Majeſty forbid her the court. The Dutcheſs was ſo little concerned at this, that ſhe anſwered, "I am much obliged to your Majeſty for baniſhing me the court, the attendance I have given there has been a long time very irkſome to me." What a difference there is between courtiers in this country and *France!* I tell you this ſtory in order to make you ſenſible of it. It has diverted me from my ſubject, but I reſume it in order to give you an account of my arrival at *Stow*, a ſeat of Lord COBHAM's, two miles from *Buckingham*. The dwelling-houſe, by no means magnificent, is of ſuch a ſize that, with the green-houſe, it is reckoned to be a thouſand feet broad where it fronts the gardens, which anſwer to it in extent. We walked there three hours together, accompanied by a guide, yet did not ſee the whole. There are few marble ſtatues there; they are very ſcarce in *England:* they do not, like us, multiply the images of the Pagan gods, which chriſtianity ſhould conſign to oblivion; inſtead of this, they immortalize their great men: the ſtatues erected to their honour are, like ſeed, capable of producing others to all eternity. The fine gardens which we walked through, preſented us at the end of each alley,

(adorned

(adorned with a variety of different ſorts of ſhrubs) ſometimes a turret, ſometimes an obeliſk, mills, a circus, elyſian fields, colonades, a pretty temple dedicated to the god of Love, with this inſcription,

Nunc amet qui nondum amavit,
Quique amavit nunc amet :

A monument dedicated to friendſhip, in which the maſter of this fine ſeat placed the buſts of all his illuſtrious friends: here is alſo a proteſtant church of gothic architecture, where the following verſes of CORNEILLE are engraved upon the frontiſpiece:

Je rends graces aux Dieux de n'etre pas Romain
Pour conſerver encore quelque choſe d'humain:

A column of ſeventy feet high, erected by an ARTEMISIA to the memory of a COBHAM: The temple of Virtue, which appears on every ſide falling in ruins: The ſaloon of Sleep, where the following inſcription is to be read round a garland of poppies.

Cum omnia ſint in incerto, fave tibi.

An *Egyptian* pyramid in miniature, with all its proportions: An hermitage made of clay and the roots of trees, furniſhed with a bed of moſs, earthen veſſels, and *Latin* inſcriptions, which

which record the virtue of thoſe Anchorites who made a VENUS of ſnow to quell their ardent deſires, or of thoſe who, in order to put their conſtancy to a trial, ſlept between two youthful ſhepherdeſſes, as did ROBERT D'ARBRISSEL. Well-choſen motto's characteriſe with taſte each of theſe little edifices. Obeliſks and grottos adorn the fountains. We ſaw iſſue from an artificial mount pine-trees and ſhrubs, which the rocks produce, and three ſprings, which dart through crevices, after many turnings and windings, form a lake, and loſe themſelves in ſubterraneous caverns lined by pebbles; where, after their fall, they form baths. The roaring of the waters, which pleaſes at the ſame time that it terrifies, conſtitutes the whole charm of this lake. Of the chancel of a Roman Catholic church, they have formed a Sibylline cave, the inſcriptions of which anſwer to the deſign. A hill called the Pariſh, transformed into a Parnaſſus, contains an APOLLO, the Muſes, and the waters of *Hippocrene*. / At the back of a temple, erected to celebrate and repreſent the ſages of the nation, we read in *Italian* verſe the following inſcription to the memory of a traveller born beyond the *Alps*, which I tranſlate thus.

Here lies, whom not the vain deſire
Treaſures and fortune to acquire,

But

But to ſubſiſt in plains and fields
On what the earth all-bounteous yields,
Brought from his native country o'er
To *Albion*'s fair and bliſsful ſhore:
No praiſe of friends he e'er requir'd,
Careſſes only he deſir'd.
Tho' oft admitted to the great,
He was no pimp nor ſpy of ſtate.
Their orders always he obey'd,
But compliments to vice ne'er paid;
Nay though no bigot, would repair
To church ſometimes at hours of prayer.
If he who nature's laws obeys,
And never from her dictates ſtrays,
Is thought to have a right to claim
The ſage's honourable name;
Whoe'er deſerv'd that title more
Than he whoſe loſs I now deplore?
A conſtant lover who never ly'd,
A friend in whom one might confide;
In vigour and the prime of life
Had many young ones by his wife;
He ſaw them in his laſt decline
Thrive like himſelf, and gaily ſhine;
And more, to crown his life with praiſe,
He paſs'd the evening of his days
In an old hermit's hut retir'd,
Where his example was admir'd.
Here adulation rais'd no ſhrine,
Nor honour'd him with rites divine.
But he whom all theſe honours grace
Was never ſprung from human race,

'Twas faithful *Tray*, his Lord's delight,
Poſſeſs'd theſe qualities ſo bright.

I ſhould hardly ever make an end, if I was to deſcribe all the beauties of the gardens of *Stowe*: the Chineſe-houſe in the midſt of a lake; that of VENUS, artfully formed of the fineſt pebbles and ſhells; the temple of DIANA of the doric order, which is now compleatly built in the *Greek* taſte: and many other monuments, the plan of which often does much more honour to the genius of the nobleman to whom they belong, than the execution to the artiſts; and which ſurprize as well by their multiplicity as by the immenſe ſums that have been ſpent upon them.

From this elegant habitation we went to another, a few miles diſtant from it, which belongs to Mr LEE, nephew of the Lord Chief Juſtice, who was ſo obliging as to accompany us in our rambles, and invite us to paſs four or five days with him. The place is fine, and well ſituated. At this ſeat they lead a life of freedom and eaſe; if a *Frenchman* had the ſame revenue of 70000 livres a year, he would make much greater ſhow than the maſter of this place.

Immediately after the Pudding is diſpatched they drink warm Punch. After the Deſert, eſpecially in the country, the cloth is taken away, and the women retire. The table is of fine Indian wood, and very ſmooth; little round

round veſſels, called *ſliders*, which are of the ſame wood, ſerve to hold the bottles, and the gueſts can put them round as they think proper. The name of each different ſort of wine is graved upon a plate of ſilver faſtened to the neck of the flaſk; the gueſts chuſe the liquor to which they give the preference, and drink it with as ſerious an air as if they were doing penance, at the ſame time drinking the healths of eminent perſons, and faſhionable beauties; this they call *toaſting*. This appellation, and cuſtom, owe their origin to a miſtreſs of one of the Kings of *England*, who was bathing: one of the Courtiers galantly drank a glaſs of the water the nymph was bathing in; all the reſt drank one after another; when it came to the turn of the laſt, he ſaid, "I'll "keep the toaſt for myſelf," alluding to the common practice of putting a toaſt into liquor. Such is the etymology of the *Engliſh* word *toaſt*, of which you have no doubt heard frequent mention. This cuſtom is more obſerved at the taverns in *London*, and even at thoſe where Noblemen meet, than at their own tables; I think ſo at leaſt, though poſſibly I may be miſtaken in my obſervations. I do not make a ſtay long enough to ſatisfy either my curioſity or yours with regard to the manners of the people; the time of our departure for *Holland* is at hand.

LETTERS

CONCERNING

HOLLAND.

LETTER X.

Hague, June 20, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

I Have not written to you ſince I left *London*, that I might have the more to tell you at once. We found ourſelves ſo ill after our paſſage from *Calais* to *Dover*, that we had not the courage to venture a longer paſſage from *Harwich* to *Holland*. A calm ſea has brought us back to *Calais*, to take our *Berlin* again, and continue our travels by land. As I paſſed by *Dunkirk*, I recollected the unhappy times when *England* had ſo much the advantage of *France*, as to force us to demoliſh it: It is much to be feared that our neglect of maritime affairs will one day again reduce us to the ſame abaſement. *Ypres* likewiſe recalled to my memory all we ſuffered on account of its Bp JANSENIUS, who died of the plague in that city. All things periſh, all things tend to decay: *Ghent*, that ſeat of the ancient Counts of *Flanders*, that immenſe metropolis, is half diſpeopled. The churches filled with

pictures by the greateſt maſters, ſtill retain a gothic ſimplicity. After we had ſpent ſome time in admiring them, we had a mind to take an airing: the coachman thereupon drove us about a ſquare where we conſtantly ſaw the ſame coaches, and aſked him every now and then when we ſhould be at the end of our jaunt. You have been there and back again ſeveral times within this hour, anſwered he; this they call *Balocher*. This cuſtom, which was borrowed from the *Spaniards*, at the time that their women lived in conſtraint and confinement, is ſaid to be ſtill a common amuſement with the Ladies of *Madrid:* that may be; but I could never take any pleaſure in this ſort of diverſion.

The day after this airing we bent our courſe to *Antwerp*, through the upper part of *Flanders*. To prevent time from hanging heavy upon our hands, we often run into danger: we were under a neceſſity of paſſing the *Scheld*, which is in that place very broad and rapid; the ferry-boat was on the other ſide; how then could we think of waiting for it above two hours? We choſe rather to leave our coach to the care of our ſervants, and indiſcreetly entruſt ourſelves to a very ſmall ſkiff. The waves toſſed us about a long time in imminent danger of our lives, prevented us from approaching the ſhore, and obliged us to aſcend by a ladder from the bark to a veſſel faſtened to the port, which occaſioned

us not a little perplexity. We at laſt arrived, and not having any carriage, we croſſed the city on foot, and had the better opportunity of ſeeing the gothic tops of the houſes which are higher than at *Ghent*, and in better condition. Notwithſtanding my infirm ſtate of health, the habit of exerciſe to which I have happily accuſtomed myſelf, and the ſhort *Engliſh* dreſs, which I wear in my journey, and which is exactly ſuited to my ſtature, enable me to ſurmount the difficulties I have to ſtruggle with. I therefore eaſily reached my inn, with an appetite which would have made me think the fiſh of *Antwerp* excellent, even if it had been quite the reverſe; the next day we went to ſee the churches and the fine pictures which are there preſerved with care.

This was the country of VANDYKE and RUBENS; it can ſtill boaſt a famous painter in water-colours, whoſe name is SMITH; but at preſent there are but few eminent artiſts in this city. Commerce has been there in a declining condition, ſince that of *Amſterdam* and *Rotterdam* attained to a flouriſhing ſtate. We continued our journey to the laſt-named city, through *Moerdick*, where we left our carriage, to embark aboard a wherry, the maſter of which reſembles the CHARON ſo much celebrated in ancient Mythology. The wind was high: to encourage us he took care to give us an account of the Prince of ORANGE who was drowned

in this little ſea in 1711: we were, however, much more eaſy here than in the ſhocking Poſt-waggon in which we were jolted to the *Maes*. We paſſed it twice in a ferry-boat to arrive at the place of ERASMUS's nativity, whoſe ſtatue we ſaw from the windows of our inn.

Rotterdam is a rich and populous city, well built; and through it there paſs ſeveral large canals ſupplied with water from the *Maes*, upon which firſt-rate veſſels ſail down to the midſt of the city. The confuſed proſpect of the maſts of ſhips, trees planted on each ſide of the canals, ſteeples and turrets, gave us an agreeable ſurprize. We were no leſs ſtruck with what we found at Mr BISCHOP's, who ſells all ſorts of thread by retail, which he himſelf delivers to his cuſtomers in a wretched ſhop. To gratify our curioſity, this old man led us with an uncouth and penſive air by a little dark ſtair-caſe to a chamber ſurrounded with cheſts of a miſerable appearance, which contain notwithſtanding immenſe treaſures. They are above a hundred in number, filled with the choiceſt Flemiſh pictures, antique vaſes of gold and enamels, japan ware, the fineſt *Saxon* plate I ever ſaw, a variety of miniatures of flowers and fruits admirably done by a paſtry-cook; charming landſcapes painted by a cook, which an optic glaſs throws to an immenſe diſtance. The poſſeſſor of theſe maſter-

maſterpieces has his country houſe alſo full of rarities; but his country houſe is as large as his ſhop is little. This ſingularity gives you a juſt picture of the manners of a republic, where the rich citizen, being entirely void of pride, does not ſacrifice to pleaſure a ſingle moment, by which his opulence may be increaſed.

Upon leaving *Rotterdam* we bent our courſe to *Delft*, where the air rung with the chimes of a hundred ſteeples. We there ſaw the tombs of GROTIUS and Admiral TROMP, and that of a Huſband and Wife who died at a hundred years of age, in the ſame month, after having lived ſeventy-five years together in the ſtricteſt union and amity. As we had no doubt concerning the poſſibility of a laſting and tender conjugal union, we ſtaid but a ſhort time to contemplate this monument; we were much more curious to ſee that erected to the memory of the Prince of ORANGE, aſſaſſinated at *Delft*. The ſculptor has repreſented a dog dead of grief for his loſs, and lying at his feet. How many leſſons do theſe monuments of the vanity of human greatneſs ſuggeſt to a thinking mind!

We were full of theſe reflections in a journey of three leagues, which led us to the fineſt village in *Europe*. The *Hague*, of which I now give you a deſcription, is an aſſemblage of ſquares, of fine walks, of canals ſomewhat muddy, and of palaces rather elegant than well-

well-built. They are inhabited by Ambaſſadors, Deputies of the States, and the rich nobility. We expected to ſee nobody there but the *French* Ambaſſador; but the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, without ever appriſing us of it, was ſo good as to write in our favour to the Earl of HOLDERNESSE the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador. I never knew one of his country have a more faſhionable air: his merit equals his munificence, and his kindneſs to us ſurpaſſes any thing I could ſay of it. The beauty of the Counteſs, ſet off by a noble and polite ſimplicity of manners, is not more eaſy to be deſcribed. I had not brought with me proper clothes to accompany her to the court of the Princeſs, where her obliging intention was to introduce me. Our Ambaſſador accompanied my fellow-traveller to the Stadholder's. Both their Highneſſes were ſo complaiſant as to converſe with him, and the ſeveral perſons preſent, in the language of their reſpective countries, which they ſpoke with as much facility as if they had been natural to them. Their children learn them with ſucceſs, and diſcover a promiſing genius. At this court people live juſt as at all others; they game, take the air, doze away their time in inſipid languor, and go to ſee the *French* comedians, who have a handſome theatre, and to the *Italian* concert.

The aſſemblies are here juſt the ſame as at *London*; and we are ſo happy as to be as well

well received here as in that capital. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, DEL PUERTO, yeſterday gave us an entertainment, which conſiſted of forty diſhes in the beſt taſte. Our dinner at the Prince of NASSAU's to-day was equally elegant. The true Cape-wine is drunk here; ours is ſpurious. Fatigue is ſo good for my health, that it gives me ſtrength to ſupport it. How is it poſſible to bear up under ſuch a weight of pleaſures? I muſt make haſte to enjoy them, the time of departure approaches: we did not think of renewing theſe agreeable ſcenes, but my Lady HOLDERNESSE will have it ſo, and ſhe is ſo obliging as to inſiſt upon our paying her a ſecond viſit, when we have ſeen the other towns of *Holland*. We receive numerous invitations, and I readily yield to ſuch kind importunities. This morning we went two leagues to ſee *Ryſwick*, a palace famous for the peace of 1697; and this evening we ſet out for *Amſterdam*, from whence I will write to you if I poſſibly can: the journies I make, and the ſeveral amuſements I meet with, ſcarce leave me time to ſet my foot upon the ground.

I who by nature was deſign'd
For ſweet tranquillity of mind,
Rack'd by unceaſing toils, in vain
A peaceful port aſpire to gain.

But

But You, whom PALLAS form'd to pleaſe,
And captivate each heart with eaſe,
You, who receiv'd from every grace
Thoſe charms that win all human race,
Too oft to rural ſhades retir'd,
Live joyleſs, by no crowds admir'd.
Reaſon, whoſe juſt and ſage control
Rules every motion of your ſoul,
Through a long dreary path your flight
Speeds to the gloomy realms of night.
To that ſame goal my courſe I bend,
The goal where all purſuits muſt end.
To reach thoſe manſions of the dead,
Sometimes in rugged paths I tread;
Sometimes I rove thro' flow'ry plains,
Where ſmiling plenty ever reigns.
The ſtars which o'er our lives preſide,
Through different ways our footſteps guide;
Though torrents roar and mountains riſe,
Though dreary proſpects meet our eyes,
Hard by miſhapen rocks are ſeen
Luxuriant vales and meadows green,
Where FLORA, deck'd in trim array,
Adds a new luſtre to the day.
But thoſe who one ſafe road purſue,
Where pleaſing objects are but few,
Partake leſs good, endure leſs ill:
Such is high Heav'n's reſiſtleſs will.
On us poor mortals fate beſtows
In equal meaſure joys and woes;
Grief, hope, and love, and hate and fear,
Diverſify each rolling year.

In

In a word, this life is but a ſhort pilgrimage. I was this morning ſtruck with a fable in the Spectator upon this ſubject. "A Derviſe travelling through *Perſia*, arrived at laſt at the metropolis; and as he knew that the great men of that country often exhauſt their treaſures in building and founding caravanſeras, he took the palace of the King of *Perſia* for one of thoſe magnificent houſes of public entertainment. Quite abſent in thought, he croſſed the firſt and ſecond court, aſcended the galleries, laid his cloak-bag upon the ground, and was going to ſleep upon it as a bolſter. One of the guards took notice of him, told him what a place he was profaning, and was going to turn him out directly. During the diſpute the King paſſed by, ſmiled at the traveller's blunder, and aſked him how he could miſtake the palace of a monarch for an inn? Shall I beg leave to aſk your majeſty one queſtion, modeſtly anſwered the Derviſe: to whom did this ſumptuous palace belong before you came to the throne? To my father, my grandfather, and all my anceſtors in their turns, anſwered the King. And for whom, added the Derviſe, are theſe immenſe edifices intended after you? For the Prince my Son, without doubt, cried the monarch, with aſtoniſhment. Ah, Sir, returned the Pilgrim, a houſe which ſo often changes its inhabitants, is not a palace but a caravanſera."

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Amſterdam, June 30th, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

IN *Holland* we meet with barks in all places, which ſet out every hour without waiting for any body. We took one for *Leyden*, and at our arrival had a deſire to ſee the celebrated MUSCHENBROECK; but he is a man very much advanced in years, and, as night approached, he was juſt going to bed: we did not care to diſturb him, and ſo we paſſed the evening with Mr LALLEMAND, profeſſor of phyſic. He tried ſeveral experiments to amuſe us; one of them was upon the new artificial loadſtone, whoſe force is equal to that of the real magnet; another upon the catapulta of the ancients, as powerful, if we may believe hiſtorians, as cannon in battering down the walls of a beſieged city, and much more eaſily moved. Theſe machines gratified our eyes, a good ſupper our ſtomachs, and the next morning the anatomy-room offered to our curioſity a cat, an *Indian* ape with wings, the hand of a ſea-nymph, and the ſkeleton of a young man who in the ſeventeenth century ſwallowed a knife, whilſt he endeavoured to draw out a fiſh's bone which almoſt choked him. In order to get out this morſel ſo hard

of

digeſtion it was thought neceſſary to open his ſtomach, and he lived eight years after the operation.

Amongſt other extraordinary things, they ſhew near the *Hague* the place where MATILDA was formerly delivered of three hundred children, which was a judgment inflicted upon her for wiſhing that a poor woman might prove barren. At *Leyden* they likewiſe preſerve a loaf, transformed to a ſtone, as a judgment upon a girl who refuſed one to her ſiſter at the time of a famine.

The univerſity of this place boaſts of having had a number of learned men of all countries, and in the moſt different branches of literature; as GROTIUS, HEINSIUS, VOSSIUS, BURMANNUS, SCALIGER, DESCARTES, SALMASIUS, GRONOVIUS, GRÆVIUS, BAYLE, BASNAGE, LE CLERC, &c. In 1512, FREDERICK of *Toledo*, when *Roerden* was ſacked, ſpared nobody but the learned HORTENSIUS. Science, which is productive of ſo many advantages may, as you ſee by this example, ſometimes even preſerve our lives. "The Muſes, ſays CICERO*, nouriſh youth, cheriſh old age, give new charms in proſperity, afford conſolations in adverſity, ſerve as a refuge to the unfortunate, are no hindrance

* Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alien, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium & ſolatium prelunt delectant domi non impediunt, forio, peregrinantur nobiſcum, ruſticantur.

hindrance in buſineſs; paſs the night with us, travel with us, and even accompany us into the country." I am ſenſible this wiſe conſul was in the right: ſtudy and labour have a better effect than pleaſures in making the hours paſs away like moments. On the contrary, an idle life flows ſlowly like a ſluggiſh ſtream, always preſents the ſame ſurface, and offers to the mind nothing that can either terrify or ſurprize, but gives it up to irkſomneſs. In the hurry of buſineſs, time is as a torrent whoſe agitation rouſes the mind, baniſhes the remembrance of paſt ſufferings, the dread of future contingencies, lightens preſent care, and at the ſame time enlivens and elevates us with deſires and hopes, which are our only reſource.

From the famous Muſeum, which led me to theſe reflections, we went to take a view of the garden of plants. Coffee, which is there cultivated in warm green houſes, bears a fruit that reſembles a cherry. Bohea Tea has a round leaf, Green Tea a ſharp pointed one; that of the cinnamon tree reſembles the laurel leaf; the ſugar canes, which are a ſort of reeds, have a long, marrow leaf: here art ſubdues nature; here the fruits of all climates ripen; we at this ſeaſon eat excellent melons, pine-apples, grapes, large pears, brought to maturity by hot-beds at a monſtrous expence. It is common enough to ſee gardens of a moderate ſize, the keeping of

of which ſtands the owners in twelve or fifteen thouſand livres a year. The gardeners who work in them don't earn leſs than four livres a day, paſs part of their time in ſmoaking and drinking tea and coffee; and the maſters are obliged to regale their journeymen with them. Theſe liquors are ſold in public places, juſt as lemonade is at *Paris*. It is ſomething extraordinary that the Inhabitants of *Europe* cannot live without foreign commodities; chocolate made of cocoa nuts, *American* ſugar, Coffee made of *Arabian* beans, and tea which is furniſhed by the leaves of *Chineſe* ſhrubs. Should theſe remote regions ſupply our fertile countries with utenſils, linnen and clothes? We pity theſe poor *Europeans*, ſay the *Chineſe*, the ſterility of whoſe climate obliges them to exert all their induſtry to build fine ſhips, in order to come to our ſea port towns in queſt of the neceſſaries of life.

Indian utenſils are in great plenty here. Every thing is to be found in *Holland*, though the climate produces nothing: the four elements are there deficient; the marſhy air is very unwholeſome, the bad taſte of rain water obliges me to drink *Briſtol* water, which is in this country as dear as wine; for want of wood they burn turf. The earth has the appearance of a puddle, drained by dykes, which are always ready to burſt. They are ſupported by conſtant labour, eſpecially in

the neighbourhood of *Harlem*; the way thither is over a ſluice, on one ſide of which the ſea is higher than on the other. There is nothing remarkable in this city but the loud ſound of the organs of its church, the pipes of which are as thick as a man's body.

Three leagues beyond *Harlem* ſtands *Amſterdam*, the capital of *Holland*, ſurrounded by three large canals; along the ſides of thoſe canals are rows of trees, between which and the houſes is the ſpace of a ſtreet, and a path to walk in; the houſes are adorned with marble, with paintings and rich carpets; but diſplaying more elegance and neatneſs than true taſte of architecture. In this city three hundred thouſand inhabitants are conſtantly in action, and bring together by their induſtry the treaſures of the two worlds. A conſiderable number of public edifices delight the eye; they dare not venture to raiſe their ſteeples too high, their buildings being upon ſo ſandy a foundation. In one of their churches is to be ſeen the monument of DE RUITER, who roſe from a common ſailor to be an admiral. After returning ſafe from ten voyages to the *Indies*, and eight engagements at ſea, he was at laſt killed near the *Sicilian* coaſt, fighting againſt our Admiral DUQUESNE, another hero of fortune; there are few but ſuch in the ſea ſervice: this calling requires a conſtant practice, with which the attachment of our men of quality to pleaſure

ſure and the court is by no means conſiſtent.

The *Dutch* have poſſeſſed themſelves of ſeveral ſettlements in *Aſia* by means of their maritime power. To conform to the exaggerated phraſes of the country, they aſſume the following titles; ſovereigns of *Java*, *Amboyna* and other iſlands, commanders over all the ſeas in the world, protectors of the Kings and Princes of *Europe*, ſupreme moderators in all the affairs of chriſtendom. Their *Eaſt-India* company has fifty veſſels at ſea, their land-forces compoſe a body of fifty thouſand men; their company gains immenſe ſums, whilſt ours has been continually loſing during ten years that it has carried on this commerce.

I thought I ſhould ſee no beggars either in *England* or in *Holland*, but there are too many in all countries; and for the honour of humanity it would be happy if there were none to be ſeen any where, except in the workhouſes erected for their ſupport. In *Amſterdam* we likewiſe ſee, in the midſt of a variety of perſuaſions that are there tolerated, the ſame religious parties which have ſo long diſtreſſed our country; there are nine *Janſeniſt* and thirteen *Moliniſt* churches eſtabliſhed in that city. Thoſe who embrace theſe oppoſite parties never intermarry, and they hate each other more bitterly than they do the Calviniſts and the Lutherans. The deſire which

ſo many tolerated ſects have to gain the eſteem of each other, may very probably contribute to keep up a ſeverity of manners in this country. Plays are here but ſeldom exhibited; pleaſure is in but little requeſt: love finds, doubtleſs, admittance even here; but the ardour of his flames with difficulty ſubdues the coldneſs and rigid virtue of the *Dutch* beauties. Idleneſs does not oblige their huſbands to leave their houſes in queſt of amuſements. So much are they attached to buſineſs, that they would regret even the loſs of a moment.

I once was ſo happy as to meet at the houſe of one of theſe induſtrious bankers three men of merit in three different branches; our conſul, Monſieur DE ST SAUVEUR*, Monſieur DE TRONCHIN, an eminent phyſician, and the Chevalier DE JAUCOUR, as famous for his learning as his noble birth. He travels without any oſtentatious appearance, and is on that account the more reſpected. Theſe gentlemen were ſo obliging as to ſacrifice a few moments to ſhew us the cabinet of Mr BRAMCAMP, who has a great number of fine *Flemiſh* pictures, and the fineſt piece by WANUZZEN† that I ever ſaw in my life: the ſilk manufactures; the fine villa of Monſ. PINTO, a gentleman of learning and taſte; and the Town-houſe built upon thirteen thouſand

* He now reſides at *Peterſburgh*.

† A Painter famous for flower-pieces.

thouſand piles, in fine modern architecture, a hundred and ten paces long and eighty broad, but too low. The city guard patroles in the night round this houſe, in which immenſe ſums of money are depoſited. The dark halls are adorned with the pictures of the principal citizens, painted partly by VANDYKE, REMBRANDT and RUBENS. The ſenators who are elected by the populace*, govern the city and ſend deputies, in the ſame manner as the other ſix provinces, to the provincial ſtates, which afterwards appoint deputies to the ſtates general at the *Hague*. The Stadtholder, whoſe dignity deſcends by hereditary right, even to his daughters, has no vote in that aſſembly, yet in a manner governs it by his great credit and influence.

It would be a vain attempt for me to endeavour to give you an idea of this ſort of authority; I have been aſſured, that though it is ſenſibly felt, it cannot be explained. Before the laſt war, the ſame families which retained for each other by turns the elective places of Burgomaſters, deſtined to the profeſſion of arms young perſons who were without a capacity for buſineſs, and void of emulation. Ignorance of the military art prevailed in the troops, diſcord in the ſenate; to baniſh which they made chains for themſelves. The Province of *Holland* had a de-

* This I apprehend to be a miſtake; the election of Senators is left to the Senate themſelves, which renders the government oligarchical rather than democratical.

ſire to ſupport the ancient republican form of government; the other provinces got the better, and again placed the houſe of ORANGE at the helm of affairs. The good order which the Princes of that houſe endeavoured to introduce in the ſtate, has not lowered the price of Proviſions, which is exorbitant in this country; the impoſts neceſſary in order to keep the dykes in repair, exceed the revenues of the lands; and commerce is in a declining condition, becauſe there are ſo many adventurers in that way all over *Europe*. The inhabitants of *Amſterdam* are themſelves of opinion, that the grandeur of their country, which is already upon the decline, will every day tend to a total extinction; but a view of the port by no means favours this opinion: veſſels from every point of the compaſs bring thither commodities of all ſorts in abundance.

As we ſailed yeſterday towards *North Holland*, we were ſtruck with admiration at ſeeing a foreſt of maſts, which over-ſhadowed the whole ſhore. In order to arrive at it, we were deſirous of making trial of the only carriage formerly known in this country; figure to yourſelf the body of a coach upon a ſledge, like thoſe that tranſport merchandiſe in trading towns. At preſent there are many who purchaſe from the government the permiſſion to have wheels to them: but ſtill they continue the ſledges. We made uſe

of

of one of theſe carriages; a great horſe with a collar, led ſlowly by a footman who ſtands by the coach-door, drew us along, tearing up the pavement all the way till we came to the ſhore; but a fine boat which we hired, carried us eaſily to *Sardam*, a village, where the Czar PETER paſſed two years diſguiſed like a carpenter, in order to learn the true conſtruction of men of war. One day his Majeſty took by miſtake the tools of one of his rude companions, who abuſed him in the groſſeſt language for his miſtake: the Monarch acknowledged his fault, and was willing to ſubmit to any puniſhment. What might not be expected from a Prince as juſt as courageous? In the place which I now deſcribe, we ſhould render the homage due to his virtues and kiſs the traces of his foot-ſteps.

The ſtreets, which are paved with brick, are cleaner there in all weathers than the beſt ſcoured pewter. Women carry their huſbands upon their backs, when they have no ſlippers to give them, in order to prevent them from dirtying the floor. They ſcour the very ſtables for cattle, or they tie up their tails for fear they ſhould dirty them. The Servant-maids all over *Holland* would not chuſe to live with a maſter, if he did not allow them every Saturday to carry all the moveables to the garret, in order to waſh the houſe from top to bottom, and every day they

muſt waſh the windows and the walls of the houſe, both within and without; they are often new painted, as well as the window ſhutters and door-caſes, that they may always have an air of new houſes. The little ſquares of delft ware, which lined the inn where we lodged at *Sardam*, are very pleaſing to the eye; and their perches and eels equally delightful to the taſte.

After dinner we went to ſee a prodigious number of paper mills, as well as of mills to ſaw boards, and grind muſtard, and all ſorts of grain. In this country machines act like men, and men like machines. The people here ſeem to be too heavily formed for thinking. As we advanced in *North Holland*, we every where met with the ſame induſtry and cleanlineſs, the ſame taſte for gardens. The inhabitants of the north are extremely fond of fruits and flowers, which nature beſtows upon them with a ſparing hand; we were informed by the regiſters of *Alkmaer*, that in 1737. a public ſale of a hundred and twenty tulip roots brought in two hundred thouſand livres. The *Dutch*, who may be almoſt conſidered as creators of the land they cultivate, improve it at the expence of NEPTUNE, and preſerve it in ſpite of him. When the ſwelling ocean overflows the dykes, their induſtry ſtops its violence by an infinite number of large ſails which they place before the waves, at the ſame time uttering, no doubt,

ſome

ſome terms of magic. Every country has its fabulous traditions. They tell us, that in the XVth century a company of young girls caught a mermaid amongſt the reeds upon the banks of *Zuiderzee*, that they taught her to ſpin, and to make a courteſy; but notwithſtanding all the pains they took with her, ſhe was always as ſilent as a fiſh. This land of wonders gave birth to the houſe of HORN, and to SCHOUTTEN, who, without being a conjurer, ſailed round the world, and diſcovered in 1660, beyond the ſtreights of *Magellan*, a paſſage which ſtill goes by his name.

Thus have I told you all I could learn in this part of the world. We are now ſetting out for *Utrecht*, in order to make farther obſervations which we will not fail to communicate to you upon our return to the *Hague*.

LETTER XII.

Hague, *July* 4. 1750.

Dear Siſter,

I SHALL now give you an account of our journey to *Utrecht*. To arrive at that city after leaving *Amſterdam*, we went in a boat eight leagues upon a large canal, on each ſide

ſide of which are to be ſeen fine country houſes; and three leagues before we came to it we had a proſpect of the town, which is adorned on both ſides with painted villas, gilt ſtatues, grottos in ſhell-work, and yew trees cut in a variety of forms. Even the imagination of Romance-writers has not conceived a more delightful ſhore to conduct to the dwellings of the Fairies.

I ſtood in need of theſe enchanting ſcenes to diſſipate my wearineſs. I always find travelling by water tedious and melancholy; every body tells me that tranquillity is to be found in ſuch carriages; I tell them in anſwer, that there is ſtill more tranquillity to be found in the grave, though nobody goes thither in queſt of it.

After having travelled in this ſlow manner for above two hours, we at laſt arrived at *Utrecht*, where the learned Mrs SCHURMAN was born, who died at an hundred years of age in the laſt century. This city is famous for its laſt congreſs, for its fine Mall, St *John*'s-ſquare, the cathedral, and the anatomical theatre, where they preſerve a canoe made of the bark of a high tree and ſharp-pointed; it holds a little Savage in the attitude wherein he was taken at the ſtraits of *Davis*, faſtened to a hole in the midſt of his boat, ſo that he ſeems to make a part of it; the reſt of the canoe is covered, and it may be overturned, and the water not enter

enter it. As the word *centaur* conveys the idea of a creature half man and half horſe, there ſhould alſo be a word to ſignify a creature half man and half boat, like this little mariner, who is furniſhed with two ſhort oars. His teeth, his hair, and his cap, are ſtill to be ſeen. We are told by his hiſtorian, that as ſoon as he found himſelf in the hands of foreigners, he abſtained from all nouriſhment, and died of grief.

Hard by this relick, they ſhew us in a great hall the inſide and outſide of the temple of SOLOMON, ſuch as it is deſcribed in ſcripture. Without the city is a convent which is inhabited by eight Carthuſians who fled their country on account of *Janſeniſm*. Father LE SELLIER, a capuchin, and a man of good ſenſe, leads a retired life in the city with one of theſe anchorites, who reſided nineteen years in *North Holland*; he paſſed his life in indigence, and fed upon milk, for want of other food, yet always enjoyed a good ſtate of health. The walk I took with them was the firſt I ever had in the company of a Carthuſian and a Capuchin. They attended us to the ſuburbs, where we ſaw the famous ſilk manufacture of *Wanmole*, which by a ſingle water-mill ſets in motion fifteen hundred reels, and fills the baſons of a ſuperb garden adorned with marble ſtatues and grottos of ſhell-work, the workmanſhip of which is admirable. The moſt conſiderable con-

ſiſts

ſiſts of colonades, chapiters, corniſhes, domes adorned with buſts, monſters, cornucopias ſet off with wreaths of flowers and fruits; the whole repreſented in the moſt natural manner in mother of pearl, precious ſtones and coral. The caſcades and jet-d'eaux produce a ſurprizing effect, and the parterres ſtrewed with broken china form in theſe delightful places a moſt pleaſing enamel.

After having taken a view of all theſe ſtriking objects, in order to return to the *Hague*, we hired a calaſh, which carried us through a narrow road by the ſide of a canal where paſſengers are in danger of being overturned, if the driver be aukward. Ours drove us as ſwift as the wind acroſs a hundred narrow bridges without rails. In this manner we arrived happily at a fine village, where Lady HOLDERNEESSE was ſo good as to come to meet us in a gilt yacht belonging to the ſtates. We had an excellent dinner, muſic, and the beſt of company. You may well ſuppoſe that the ſix leagues which remained, appeared to us but ſhort; and when we arrived, though it was very late, the company obliged me, notwithſtanding the diſhabille I was in, to go to the public concert, where I was received in the moſt obliging manner imaginable. After having heard the fineſt Italian muſic, we were again invited to a moſt elegant ſupper. Pleaſures, you ſee, are not wanting to me, but I am wanting to them.

them. So many diſſipations require more ſtrength than I am miſtreſs of; ſleep, however reſtored me ſufficiently to be able to viſit Baron GRONENGUEN, who is a curioſity worth ſeeing: he has not thrown off his night-gown theſe nineteen years. He is quite diſtracted with the fear of being poiſoned; but as I was recommended by the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, who aſſured him that I no way reſembled the Marchioneſs de BRINVILLIERS, he condeſcended ſo far as to admit my viſit. I arrived at his fine garden, and was very richly dreſſed; Mr DAIROLES, Miniſter from *Hanover*, gave me his hand, and was in doubt whether the Baron would make his appearance. That moment he iſſued from his grotto with a ſavage air, which however ſoftened as he approached My benevolent appearance encouraged him. "Muſe, ſaid he to me, you "do not in the leaſt anſwer to my idea of "your features; what could not ſtudy and "application of mind make your charms "languiſh and fade away? What an agree-"able ſurprize is this!" You may eaſily gueſs what my anſwer was: he compleated his politeneſs by repeating one half of my tragedy of the *Amazons* by heart.

In order to put an end to the aſtoniſhment which I ſhewed at the choice of the pieces with which he loaded his memory; he ſaid to me: your tragedy in the *Greek* taſte charms me by the ſimplicity of the ſubject. Sir, ſaid

ſaid I, you admire it for its defects: this is ſomething like the partiality of love; I hope the indulgence you ſhew to thoſe that are recommended by the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, will give you the ſame prepoſſeſſion in favour of all my other works. After this introduction he made me ſit down, ſtood at a conſiderable diſtance from me, and aſtoniſhed me by his memory, his volubility, and his great knowledge of literature ancient and modern, in all the different languages; he even ſhewed himſelf acquainted with the vaſt number of uſeleſs pamphlets publiſhed in our language. I liſtened to his converſation a full hour, and then took my leave of him, reſolving to give you an account of ſo extraordinary a perſonage.

The company I travel with has a deſire to ſtop here to ſee ſalmon fiſhed for upon the *Maes*. I find it difficult to reſiſt their importunities, but my Mentor, whoſe advice ſhould have greater weight with me than their ſolicitations, preſſes me to return to the country of *Caux*, whither his affairs call him. At my arrival I will give you an account of what occurred to me during the remainder of my journey.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Toſte, *July* 20, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

WE are now very near you, but too remote notwithſtanding, as we have it not in our power to join you. My father-in-law's little country ſeat appears a diſmal ſolitude to me, after the life of hurry and diſſipation which I have lately led. I have time abundantly ſufficient to recollect my ideas, and give you an account of whatever ſtruck me, upon my return hither.

We left the *Hague* on the eighth inſtant about noon. Many ladies were ſo kind as to come to take their leave of me, and the appearance of ſincerity which accompanied theſe marks of affection to me, made me the more regret their loſs; I ſhed tears; and I aſcended the calaſh with a heavy heart. Being quickly arrived at *Rotterdam*, we embarked in the evening on board a yacht, to avoid going in a poſt waggon, to join our coach at *Mardyk*. After having croſſed that arm of the ſea in the night, we took poſt at day break; and paſſing through *Antwerp* and *Mechlin*, we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon at *Bruſſels*, traveliing on the ſide of a broad canal next to which runs a fine avenue. The ſpeed we advanced with had given me a megrim:

megrim: after ſupper I found it ſomewhat aſſwaged, a night's ſleep cured me compleatly, and the next day we viſited the ramparts of the city: the plain which they command renders the proſpect very agreeable. The ſquare before the town-houſe is ſpacious. This gothic building ſupports a tower three hundred and ſixty foot high, and contains a vaſt hall for the aſſembly of the States, hung with rich tapeſtry; one of them repreſents the abdication of CHARLES V. but not his regret for loſing the empire, nor the joy of PHILIP II. who takes poſſeſſion of *Spain* and the *Low-countries*. On the othe ſide is to be ſeen the eſtabliſhment of the order of the Golden-fleece by PHILIP the Good. The cathedral, which is very much adorned, as the churches of *Flanders* are in general, has in it a fine picture by *Rubens*, in which CHRIST is repreſented preaching to his Apoſtles. The palace belonging to the Archdutcheſs was burned; but the ſtatues in bronze of the ancient counts of *Flanders*, are ſtill to be ſeen upon the columns round the court. Prince CHARLES lives in an ancient palace, rather large than commodious. His highneſs is more conveniently lodged at the opera: his balcony, which is well fancied, fronts the theatre; ſo that whilſt a perſon warms himſelf at the fire, he ſees all that paſſes upon the ſtage in a chimney glaſs. The theatre is large and has four rows of boxes one over another

another. The public *Italian* concert which we were at, bears a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of our provinces. The handſome Ladies of this place are ſaid to be now in the country. A Librarian ſhewed us ſome cabinets belonging to CHRISTINA queen of *Sweden*, adorned with figures wrought in precious ſtones. One of them contains a clock, the entrance of which is guarded by a lion of bronze: its diamond eyes have a motion which correſponds with the balance: chimes iſſue from his throat, and his foot beats the hours. The Counts of *Aremberg*, *Taxis*, *Egmont* and *Grimbergue*, have fine houſes in this city. Amongſt the public fountains is to be ſeen one where four nymphs pour water from their breaſts which they preſs with their fingers, and another where a child is repreſented as piſſing out water with all his might. This odd attitude has procured him magnificent habits from ſeveral princes. LEWIS XV. even at the time of the laſt war, beſtowed a very rich one upon the little maniquet, as it is called.

As I am acquainted only with the outſide of *Bruſſels*, I ſhall ſay nothing to you of the manners of this capital. Upon quitting it we ſet out for *Enguien*. This ſeat of the Duke of AREMBERG's has nothing in it remarkable, but its vaſt and well planted gardens. The Duke is ſtill buſy in embelliſhing it. A colonade erected in the midſt of the

water, upon an eminence ſhaped like a ſugar-loaf, diſcovers to the view almoſt all the walks of the park, which terminate there, and form a delightful proſpect. We viſited theſe enchanting ſcenes with the higheſt pleaſure, and then took poſt again for *Tournay*, a beautiful and ſpacious city, where ſome of our Kings formerly reſided. The canal which croſſes it has, over and above thoſe of other towns, a baluſtrude of iron which ſupplies the place of rails, and trees on both ſides, which form a delightful walk. The cathedral is large, has five ſteeples, and rich canons belonging to it. The fortifications were injured during the laſt war. The inhabitants ſhew a part of the breach where a Princeſs of *Epinoi* formerly received a wound in the arm, whilſt ſhe was defending the place for her ſick huſband. I cannot forget any remarkable example of a lady's courage that I hear related; but as I paſſed but one day at *Tournay*, I am able to give you no account of its inhabitants.

In travelling over the plains of *Flanders*, that vaſt tomb of the troops of almoſt all the nations of *Europe*, inſtead of noblemens ſeats we meet with nothing but abbeys. No country has a greater number, nor ſuch high ſteeples, nor ſo many villages beautifully adorned, and well built towns. *Douai* is one of them, it is a pretty place, and well fortified. We ſaw at *Arras* a ſquare large enough for

for ten thouſand men to draw up in. If the pillars which ſurround it were loftier and more exactly proportioned, this ſquare would be a place very worthy of notice.

At the towns where I now arrive I conſtantly make inquiry whether ghoſts do not ſometimes appear to the inhabitants, and am ſure immediately to be told ſome dreadful ſtory: I next aſk about the miracles frequently ſaid to be worked in this country; you may well judge that they ſhewed me at *Arras* the holy candle which was brought by a virgin in the twelfth century to Biſhop LAMBERT, to cure a fever by which his flock was deſtroyed. The patient ſwallows a few bits of it, the cure is infallible, and the remedy is never exhauſted.

Every town in this country boaſts being immediately under the protection of heaven. At *Douai* the Hoſt happened to fall, but immediately raiſed itſelf up, and JESUS CHRIST appeared in his cradle upon the altar, then in his full growth nailed to the croſs, and next, after his reſurrection, upon a rain-bow, by which he is crowned: at *Tournai*, they tell us, that St MARTIN brought a dead man to life. Even Princes carry their offerings to the miraculous images of *Hall*. HENRY VIII. a little before his ſeparation from the church, made a preſent to this virgin of a ſun in vermilion of a prodigious weight: the proteſtants themſelves have recourſe to the ſtole of St HUBERT, to preſerve them from phrenzy:

without diminiſhing it in the leaſt they conſtantly draw from it threads, which they fix in the ſkin of the patient in the ſame manner as in the operation of inoculating for the ſmall pox; thus the diſorder is eaſily cured and never returns a ſecond time. At *Tongres* the Biſhop, St MATERNE, who died in 128, aged 115 years, is thought to be the ſon of the widow of *Nain*, who was raiſed from the dead by Jeſus Chriſt.

I cannot recollect the miracles performed at *Liſle*, which is a great and beautiful city. We did not take it in our way hither; but we went to ſee it at the time of laſt war, in our tour to the camp at *Dunkirk*. I then gave you a deſcription of the harbour of that Town and the marſhes of St *Omers*.

In a vaſt lake, formed by waters that run thither from every ſide, are ſeveral floating iſlands, which are drawn by cords, like boats; the regularity with which they appear, the fine verdure which they are covered with, and the numerous herds of cattle that graze upon them, form ſuch a proſpect as I recollect with pleaſure. Our intention was to return directly to *Paris*, but as my fellow-traveller has a fit of the gout, we are under a neceſſity of ſtaying here a little longer; in order to drive it away, I have compoſed the following Exorciſm:

Hi her no more, vile Gout, reſort,
Here wiſdom ever holds her court:

Fly hence, deteſted paraſite,
To rich men, who thy ſteps invite,
By Luxury, by Love and Wine,
To which they all their ſouls reſign.
In *Scythia*, bleakeſt land on earth,
O Gout, thou never hadſt thy birth;
Among ſoft *Sybarites*, thou firſt
In luxury and eaſe waſt nurſt.
Why doſt thou viſit theſe retreats?
Thy power calm temperance defeats;
And ſtudy, which employs the mind,
Lets wearineſs no entrance find.
Here friendſhip that from worth takes riſe,
Her never-fading joy ſupplies:
Hypocriſy, by artful wiles,
Here with no borrowed maſk beguiles.
Free from vain pomp true pleaſure reigns
For ever in our happy plains.
Vile Gout, thou doſt miſtake the place,
Fly hence, nor more theſe plains diſgrace.

I do all I can to amuſe you in your ſolitude; and the pleaſure of writing to you helps to diſſipate my languor. If you were with me, I ſhould forget that there is a happier place in the world than a corner of the province of *Caux*, where I am almoſt frozen to death even in ſummer. Farewel; I hope this long letter will give you a moment's amuſement in one of thoſe hours which I would gladly paſs with you.

LETTER XIV.

Dieppe, *July* 30, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

TO procure a compleat cure of the Gout we are come to paſs a few days at our little villa upon the ſea-ſide. Our amuſement at preſent is to adorn the garden with a ſtatue of Love: The leiſure I enjoy in this ſolitude makes me ſing its praiſe, and gives me a deſire to ſend you my rhymes. I adorn with all the exaggeration of poetry a truth, which you would perhaps like better if it were preſented to you without any diſguiſe.

A Fairy who in power was great,
Made by the ſea-ſide a retreat;
The beauteous verdure you might there
To FLORA's gayeſt dreſs compare.
Here echoes ſpread their murmurs round,
And make the neighbouring waves reſound:
The feather'd ſongſters of the ſky,
Seraphic concerts form on high.
A mount, where nature art ſupplies,
Preſents to our admiring eyes
A hundred bowers with verdure gay,
Which all the Fairy's art diſplay.
What can the will of fate oppoſe,
To pow'r ſupreme! there CUPID roſe:

Then

Then ſoon in thoſe enchanted plains
The turtle coo'd in ſofteſt ſtrains:
All take new forms; ſome new deſire
Does ſoon each inmate's heart inſpire;
No other wind but *Zephyr* blows;
New beauties grace the bluſhing roſe:
A tepid warmth the air pervades,
And orange groves perfume the glades.
The ſhepherdeſs who there reſides,
Smiles wantonly and care derides;
And theſe attractives are not vain,
They make her dearer to her ſwain:
Oft may they in this cool retreat
Love's pleaſures and ſoft joys repeat!

Before I leave the country from whence I now write to you, I muſt anſwer the Earl of CHESTERFIELD, who has juſt ſent me a fine preſent: he has favoured me with the buſts of the four greateſt poets that *England* ever produced, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE and SHAKESPEAR; Read the letter of thanks I ſent him, which is, I fear, unworthy of his approbation.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

I Waited my return hither in order to return you thanks for the rich preſents which you were ſo good as to ſend me to *Holland*. Solitude, thought I to myſelf, will furniſh me with expreſſions worthy of the

ſubject. I hoped that your great men would teach me to anſwer one of thoſe who is beſt acquainted with their merits, and who adds to their literary abilities thoſe of a Stateſman, and a Citizen of all nations. Full of this idea, I could not help reproaching theſe famous buſts with having paſt the ſeas without being accompanied by yours; I ſhould preſer, ſaid I to them, the ſtatue of the illuſtrious perſon who ſends you, to the buſts of all you illuſtrious dead men. His features would conſtantly recall to my memory the marks of kindneſs which he has ſhewn me, and I ſhould have hopes of one day enjoying the pleaſure of his converſation. MILTON, who, though blind, had a ſoul inſpired with the knowledge of the future and the paſt, (as thoſe generally are who ſee into the infernal ſhades) anſwered me thus; while his three brother poets liſtened to him with reſpect.

You, whoſe extravagant deſire
Does at my hand ſo much require,
Your importunities give o'er,
And ſtun me with your cries no more.
In gilded palaces the great
Have CHESTERFIELD portray'd in ſtate:
But ſo rever'd, ſo grand a face,
Your humble dwelling would diſgrace.

I imagined that the injury I did this great poet, had dictated to him theſe harſh truths; but

but the anſwer I received from the reſt was not more favourable.

For DRYDEN laughing loudly ſaid,
What frenzy can have turn'd your head?
Think you a genius ſo refin'd,
Who props the rights of human kind,
Who has the greateſt deeds perform'd,
Whoſe care the calendar * reform'd,
To whom, though now retir'd from court,
The Arts and Muſes all reſort,
Who more than any modern knows,
Will care to hear what you propoſe?
Great SHAKESPEAR, when he made an end,
Cry'd, I my way to *Neuſtria* bend,
I'm there directed by a ſage
To ſuperviſe and guide your page.
Tir'd of CALLIOPE divine
Do you to ſome new Muſe incline?
Whatever Muſe attends your call,
Your ſtumbling Pegaſus may fall:
Whilſt you to verſe your mind apply,
From *Scylla* and *Charybdis* fly,
The airs of opera's deteſt,
And maxims ſtiff and ill expreſs'd.
Theſe the ſagacious critic tribe,
As in a wretched taſte proſcribe:
Your verſe which wants poetic fire,
Does ſtill much furbiſhing require;

The

* The reformation of the *Engliſh* Calendar was chiefly effected by the care of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

I apprehend this to be a miſtake of Madam DU BOCAGE, and the praiſe to be due to the Earl of MACCLESFIELD.

The ſupercilious critics all
At PROCOPE's † will ſuch writing maul;
The fable of your piece ſhould be
Brought to a juſt cataſtrophe;
Let CATILINE's deſtructive rage
Leſs than ſoft MEROPE engage;
ALZIRA, CINNA, both admire,
And RODOGUNE, replete with fire.
A creature not than ESOP bigger,
And who reſembled him in figure,
His converſation then addreſs'd
To me, and thus his thoughts expreſs'd:
" Whatever is, is right," he cry'd;
Favour'd by STANHOPE, nought beſide
Should in you raiſe a fond deſire;
To higher glory ne'er aſpire;
The name of ſuch a friend at court
Will all your vanity ſupport.

I took them at their word, my Lord, and thought it would be downright preſumption to aſk your picture. I ſhall therefore only give you my moſt humble thanks, and in order to make known to the world the reſpect I have for your buſts, and the great authors they repreſent, I intend them as ornaments for my little library at *Paris*. My haſte to be there does not prevent my ſentiments from agreeing with yours, my Lord, when you wiſh me at *London* or *Greenwich*. My mind is conſtantly poſſeſſed with the deſire

† A coffee-houſe at *Paris*, frequented by critics.

deſire of returning thither, and I flatter myſelf with the hope, that I ſhall again be able to aſſure you in perſon of my profound reſpect and gratitude, *&c.*"

The next time you write to me direct your letter to *Forges*. When I return to *Paris*, I ſhall take the opportunity of drinking the waters, and paſs the remainder of the Autumn in that country.

LETTER XV.

The Second Seaſon at *Forges*, 1750.

Dear Siſter,

WE have this week paſt been drinking at the ſprings of health; there is not ſo much company here now, as there was the firſt ſeaſon. Every body, through politeneſs rather than curioſity, is eager to aſk me queſtions concerning my travels, but never liſtens to my anſwers; this is the way of the world: the ſame perſons often aſk me the ſame queſtions in a morning. I give the ſame anſwer, which is perhaps hardly believed; ignorance makes men either too credulous, or too ſceptical; and when they hear any thing different from their manners and cuſtoms, they always doubt the truth of it.

They have the moſt implicit confidence in the praiſes and the remedies that are offered them,

them, at a venture. The firſt of theſe antidotes cures the weakneſſes of their minds, which take their riſe from vanity; the other alleviates the diſeaſes of the body by the hopes of a recovery.

As the vaſt number of diſeaſes produced by intemperance, brings people from all parts of the world to drink the waters, and as none of them have the fortitude to ſeek the true remedy from ſobriety and exerciſe, they all chuſe rather to ſubject themſelves to the caprice of Phyſicians, who here bear ſovereign ſway. The little knowledge they have of the machine they are to regulate, the diſorders of which they can never examine till death has ſtopped the motion of its ſprings, and their diverſity of opinions with regard to the means of retarding our diſſolution and reſtoring the equilibrium of the fluids, render it very difficult for me to conform exactly to their preſcriptions. I therefore drink the mineral waters without the uſual preparation of Bleeding and Purging, and I every day find myſelf grow better.

I dine at home heartily, but always keep within the bounds of temperance. I ſeldom dine abroad, as amidſt good company and too great a number of diſhes we are too apt to indulge our appetite. Company is equally agreeable, and leſs dangerous at the public aſſemblies. In order to deſerve their favour, I walk, and even dance, as much as they deſire:

deſire: this is my regimen. That of our Ladies, is juſt the ſame as at *Paris*. They are equally perplexed how to kill their time, and equally careful about their dreſs: even the devout and religious are ſolicitous about theſe trifles. All the difference, to outward appearance, is, that the latter do not paint, that they are more nice with regard to their eating, require eaſier chairs, and go every day to maſs; but their minds may be very different from thoſe of women of the world, and that I have no manner of doubt of. It is much eaſier to become in fact what one deſires to appear, than conſtantly to wear a maſk, which ſeldom fails to diſcover the ſpots it is intended to conceal. Truth ſecures whatever is ſupported by its ſolid foundations; impoſtures, on the contrary, endeavour to prop each other mutually, till the whole edifice falls to the ground.

Let us return to our mineral waters, which are, perhaps, as ſalubrious, though not ſo agreeable, as thoſe of foreign countries. The *Engliſh* Ladies meet with a thouſand amuſements at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, where lodgings are prepared for their reception: plays, balls, coffee-houſes, muſic, and other entertainments, bring together not only the infirm, but thoſe who want to deſtroy their health by debauchery and exceſs. *Forges* offers but few amuſements of this kind, is badly ſituated, and the houſes are ill contrived

and

and inconvenient: in a word, they are the dwelling-houſes of the Burghers, which are ſomewhat enlarged that they may be let out to ſtrangers.

But you are deſirous of knowing what ſort of lives we lead here: the obliging compliments you pay me for my narratives, and my leiſure encourage me to borrow the language of the Muſes, in order to give you the ſatisfaction you require.

O thou, whoſe praiſes ſtill conſpire
To fill me with poetic fire,
Teach my enraptur'd ſoul to trace
The ſweet amuſements of this place;
Here folks, with cuſtom to comply,
Drink of the ſtream, though ſeldom dry;
Here formal viſits oft are paid,
In which the truth is e'er betray'd;
The compliments prepar'd by art,
Are contradicted by the heart:
But notwithſtanding all this guile,
Such calm repoſe might pleaſe a while,
If calumny, and envious ſpight
Did not embitter our delight.
Our water-drinkers, as at court,
Apt with each others faults to ſport,
Talk when they're in the talking vein,
But all their ſpeeches nothing mean.
Like thoſe who live in cloyſter'd cells,
Where kind affection ſeldom dwells,

Without

Without eſteem they often part,
Their friendſhips never reach the heart.
But of the medal's fine reverſe
'Tis time the beauties to rehearſe.
Behold! What ſcenes of pleaſure gay
Abridge the tedious hours of day:
As ſoon as PHOEBUS gilds the morn,
Like hunters rous'd by early horn,
To drink the waters all repair,
And trip along as light as air:
The ball, the play, the chearful glaſs,
Conſpire to make the evening paſs.
In humble roofs, to pride unknown,
With cheap conveniency alone,
Good chear, by neatneſs high refin'd,
Conveys new pleaſure to the mind.
The plain repaſt, devoid of art,
Where exerciſe ſupplies its part,
A reliſh gives, which ne'er can cloy,
And elevates the heart with joy.
Here the poor labourer, who lies
Protected from inclement ſkies,
In his thatch'd hut upon the ground,
Where ſheafs of corn are heap'd around,
From morn till night with toils oppreſs'd,
Glad to ſit down at length to reſt,
Eats with a greedy appetite;
Thus labour adds to his delight.
The tender partner of his cares
His ſavoury repaſt prepares;
A reliſh there from hunger ſprings,
'Midſt all their wealth unknown to kings.

In

In *Forges* and its happy plains
Rural ſimplicity ſtill reigns,
Which by the Ladies is admir'd,
Of indolence and pleaſures tir'd.
An Abbeſs, ſurfeited with eaſe,
Hither repairs, without diſeaſe:
And hither too retire the great,
Loſt to ambition and the ſtate:
Attracted here by pleaſure's lure
Youth feed the pain they fain would cure:
Here Beauty comes by CUPID led;
And age appears with drooping head;
But, ever by new pains oppreſt,
Age ſeeks in vain its needful reſt.

I give you my word, dear Siſter, that as ſoon as I reach the metropolis, I will no longer trouble you with my verſes: Perhaps you are ſorry by this time, that you ever deſired me to write any. The inexhauſtible fund of news, with which the countries to which I am going ſupply travellers, or rather my expreſſions of affection, if I were not afraid of tiring you with them, will furniſh out ſufficient matter for my future letters. Farewel.

LETTERS

CONCERNING

ITALY.

LETTER XVI.

Turin, *April* 25, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

YOU are deſirous of hearing an account of my tour to *Italy*, like that which I ſent you ſeven years ago of my travels to *England*. I have always conſidered my word as ſomething ſacred and inviolable; but the taſk is now by far more arduous: many curious travellers have given an account of this fine country; what can I add to their reſearches? If I confine myſelf to my own hiſtory, our friendſhip will render it intereſting; but you will tire thoſe to whom you read my letters. True it is, that the affectation of ſpeaking always of oneſelf, which is conſidered as vanity upon all other occaſions, ſhould no longer have that appellation, in a correſpondence that has no other aim, but to communicate to each other the things which concern and affect

us moſt. I will therefore endeavour by laying before you all that relates to myſelf, to amuſe you by a narrative of whatever has occurred to me moſt ſtriking. A hundred different perſons look at the ſame object, and ſee it in different points of light; may the obſervations I make, render my account of the places I paſs through, intereſting and entertaining to you.

Laſt *Eaſter* Monſieur DU BOCAGE and I ſet out very much fatigued with the preparations for our journey, cenſured by thoſe who were acquainted with our weakly conſtitutions, concerned at leaving our friends and the delightful houſe where we lived, earneſtly deſirous of ſeeing novelties, and, notwithſtanding all the dangers we were threatened with upon the road, in great haſte to depart. You know the nature of theſe contrary emotions of the mind. In this confuſion of our ideas, and the hurry inſeparable from the ſtreets of *Paris*, we paſſed through that metropolis in profound ſilence. Scarce were we come out at the gate, when wind, hail and ſnow almoſt overwhelm'd us in our coach, which was made in the *Italian* taſte. We had been aſſured that it would hold out for a thouſand leagues; we at leaſt thought that though the hinges might be looſe, the wheels would not break for ſome time. In our very firſt ſtage a little wheel broke, and it took up two hours to mend it: what an ominous

nous beginning of a journey was this! Had we believed in augury, like the ancients, we ſhould have returned back directly; but as this is a philoſophical age, we were above the influence of ſuch prejudices, and with great intrepidity continued our journey to *Fontainbleau*; we found it neceſſary to ſtop there to get new wheels made to our carriage: never did days appear ſo long to me, or occaſion me ſo much perplexity, as the two which we paſſed at a place, whoſe ſituation and irregular beauty would at another time have amuſed me agreeably. The only amuſement I had here was the converſation of an old man, who told me, that ever ſince the reign of LEWIS the Young, this caſtle was the hunting-ſeat of the Kings of *France*: St LEWIS retired there thro' devotion, and FRANCIS the Firſt to cultivate and encourage the arts; he brought thither from *Bologna* PRIMATICCIO, pupil of JULIO ROMANO, and ſent him back to *Rome*, to take models of the LAOCOON, TRAJAN's pillar, &c. This Monarch was deſirous of erecting a marble one in imitation of it at *Fontainbleau*. By his order the Equeſtrian ſtatue of MARCUS AURELIUS was erected, in imitation of that at the capitol, in the court of the Fountains, built by PHILIBERT DE LORME: PILLON, ſculptor of the fine fountain of the Innocents, adorned it with buſts under CHARLES IXth; FREMINET, in the reign of LEWIS XIII. painted the

roof of the chapel. HENRY the Fourth formed the canal. Every prince that came to the throne was eager to beautify this delightful retreat; and the different plans they purſued occaſion its beautiful irregularity. I walked there a long time, impatiently waiting the moment of my departure, the Poſt-maſter aſſuring me, that he was forbid to tell which was the beſt road to *Lyons*. We gave the preference to that which leads through *Burgundy*, without knowing the reaſon why, and we found it a good one. There is nothing in it worthy of notice but *Dijon*, a well-built and populous town, and remarkable for having given birth to BOSSUET, CREBILLON, RAMEAU, BUFFON, &c. The vineyards which afford all *Europe* ſuch excellent wine, enrich the land as far as *Macon*, where the country girls are prettily dreſſed; but the road is bad, and that of *Moulins* would be preferable in the winter.

Coming from *Burgundy*, one does not enter *Lyons* by a fine gate; long narrow ſtreets lead to the brilliant quarter of the town. Our ſtay there was ſo ſhort, that I have nothing particular to ſay of it; I defer giving you a deſcription of *Lyons* till my return. We there took voiturine, as it would have been impoſſible to ride poſt in rough and irregular roads. A good cauſeway however reaches as far as the *Alps*. We dined at *Pont Beauvoiſin*, upon the confines of *Savoy* and *Dauphiné*,

Dauphiné, where I heard at table that they ſometimes keep cheeſes of goat's-milk a hundred years, which they ſet ſo high a value upon, as to preſerve them for weddings; that they bake their bread for a year, or at leaſt ſix months; and that thoſe who live in the valleys, though afflicted with ſwellings in their throats, as well as thoſe who live on the mountains, deſpiſe the latter as mountaineers, and will upon no account intermarry with them.

After getting out of the *French* territories, one is obliged to travel upon the borders of a precipice, where a roaring torrent rolls between two rocks, in a narrow road cut through the ſtone. There are rails in ſome places made of wood, in others of ſtone, and here and there broken, which were made for the convenience of the Princeſſes who are going to *Turin*: this ſlight fence encourages paſſengers, and diſpels the terror of ſo frightful a road. Near *Chambery*, CHARLES EMANUEL, Duke of SAVOY, cauſed to be cut in the rock a vault fourſcore foot high, a quarter of a league in length, where two carriages can paſs abreaſt: an inſcription made in 1670 immortaliſes the munificence of that Prince. The laudable actions of kings are engraved upon braſs, ours upon ſand; our glory is of conſequence the greater, we do good without any hopes of recompence; but it is not now a

time to reaſon, when I am giving an account of my travels.

Upon coming out of this defile, where the caverns we meet with reſemble the habitations of Gorgons, we ſaw caſcades which fall a hundred foot from rock to rock, and form torrents which are croſſed upon tottering bridges. Thus are we obliged to follow, ſometimes high, and ſometimes low, on the brink of precipices, the courſe of the waters which firſt formed theſe hollow ways. The caſtle of *Chambery*, which was the place of reſidence for the ancient Dukes of SAVOY, has nothing in it remarkable.

Montmelian is a diſmantled fortreſs, we dined there, and then went to lie at *Aigue-belle*, by a narrow and ſteep deſcent. We generally paſs theſe dangerous parts of the road on foot. The badneſs of the highways quite fatigued me. My wearineſs obliged me to ſtay a day at this wretched hole, which appears to be a high mountain, covered with low huts, where the inhabitants paſs the winter under the ſnow. The narrow valley offered nothing to the view in the midſt of the river, but a vaſt hard rock, which fell from the mountains, and ſtands by itſelf.

We went from thence to St JOHN of *Maurienne*; where we found a bridge: a miſerable road paved with ſharp ſtones, leads from thence to St MICHAEL, where the King of *Sardinia*'s envoy to *Spain*, was ſo good as to

to apprize me, that it was neceſſary to get myſelf carried in an arm-chair for three leagues, before our arrival at *Mont Cenis*. This piece of advice was of great ſervice to me. Monſieur DU BOCAGE repented of his intrepidity in continuing in the coach; the men that carried me being more ſpeedy than his driver, conducted me in an arm-chair thro' mountains and vallies, attended by a ſervant on horſeback, almoſt drowned with rain, ſtifled with a cold, and in all the terror and apprehenſion imaginable. How much obliged am I to my mountaineers! they might have carried me wherever they thought proper: but they were ſo honeſt as to conduct me to *Lanebourg*, where I waited an hour for my fellow-traveller, in the utmoſt inquietude and anxiety. He had, like me, got over the dreadful paſs of *Termignon*.

We made a good ſupper upon bad meat, and ſlept better upon a very hard bed than voluptuous people upon a bed of down. Whilſt we were aſleep, they took our carriages to pieces in order to convey them over mount *Cenis* upon the backs of mules. We aſcended that mountain in the morning in arm-chairs carried by porters: I took ſix to be in greater ſecurity. Notwithſtanding the ſnow, which was ſo deep that it covered them up to the middle of their legs, I found that travellers had exaggerated the danger of paſſing this mountain; but though forewarned, I was

ſo little aware of the cold which is in all ſeaſons exceſſive in that quarter, that I had not taken the precaution of putting on a dreſs ſufficiently warm. The conſequence was, that the froſt pierced me through and through, and my hoarſeneſs rendered it impoſſible for me to make myſelf heard by the men that carried me; and if it had not been for the charitable monks at the top of the mountain, who ſuffer travellers to warm themſelves by their fire, I ſhould have died. I might have had fine trouts in a neighbouring lake, if it had not been frozen; but I was too ill in health to regret them: I was ſo dejected, that it hardly gave me any ſatisfaction not to have a mountain to paſs, which roſe like a Coloſſus juſt at the back of that which we had got clear of. I muffled myſelf up as well as I could, in order to arrive at the valley. What did I ſee at the bottom of the immenſe abyſs by the ſide of which I paſſed! A black and muddy torrent precipitates into it with a prodigious noiſe, and with its foam whitens the rocks which obſtruct its courſe. I had ſcarce any doubt but it was the infernal river of *Cocytus*; the length of the bridges that I went over, and my carriers, whoſe appearance bore a ſtrong reſemblance to that of demons, confirmed me in the opinion, that I was deſcending to hell; the jolting of the chair gave me a megrim; my eyes were ſo dazzled with the ſnow, and the rapidity of the water, that

when

when I caſt a glance upon this dreadful gulph, I thought I ſaw a thouſand ſpectres wandering upon it. You cannot form a juſt idea of theſe lofty mountains without having paſſed over them. The dreary proſpects which are there to be ſeen might furniſh matter to the imagination of poets, but it is impoſſible for any picture to come up to the reality; and for that reaſon I am afraid to give you a ſketch of them. The deſcription of the *Alps*, drawn by the ingenious HALLER, whoſe capacity enabled him to give an adequate idea of thoſe prodigious mountains, turn more upon the felicity of the inhabitants of his country, than upon the landſcape of innumerable rocks, the ſummits of which, covered with eternal ſnow, reach to the clouds, oblige them to diſſolve, and by excavation to form deep channels, in which their waters being collected run from every ſide, to fertiliſe the plains. What can we ſay of theſe mountains after the *Latin* poets, who had always an opportunity of ſeeing them? But I have ſcribbled ſo much in the poetical way, that you would not forgive me if I did not write ſomething upon ſo ſtriking a ſubject. I will therefore make an attempt:

Theſe rocky piles, which in perſpective riſe,
Like hoſts of giants, ſeem to brave the ſkies:
Deep as black *Styx* rolls in th'infernal ſhade,
So high theſe *Alps* the heav'nly vaults invade.

There

There PHOEBUS ſhines in vain; no ſummer there
Is known with Zephyr's breath to fan the air:
They ſhade the earth, the lofty clouds ſuſtain;
And wing thoſe ſtorms, which heave the roaring main.
In thoſe chill'd climes eternal winter reigns,
No ſmiling harveſts grace theſe barren plains.
Yet e'en this ſavage wild a proſpect yields
Of a few flow'ry meads, and verdant fields.
There bluſt'ring torrents echoes loud repeat,
And to deep gulphs precipitate retreat:
The chaos wild excites a ſtrange ſurprize,
And the rude beauties ſtrike the raptur'd eyes.

The ſtrong deſire I had to ſend you a deſcription of the labyrinth of the *Alps*, (of which I have however given you but a faint ſketch) made me quite forget my journey to *Turin*. In our way to it we paſſed through *Rivoli*, a country ſeat where VICTOR AMADEUS ſadly ended his days, after his abdication. From this fine caſtle an avenue of elms, ſeven miles long and a hundred broad, leads to the town, which is well built and regularly fortified. The villas upon the neighbouring hills command the *Po*, which waſhes the ramparts, where trees are planted on each ſide; this walk excited my admiration when I ſaw it: notwithſtanding my head-ach, I was the ſame evening able to viſit our worthy Ambaſſador, the Chevalier

lier CHAVELIN, with whom I had long been acquainted. During three days which I have paſſed here, I have been ſo happy as to be always in his company, as well as in that of the marquis of CARACCIOLI, Plenipotentiary of *Naples*, whoſe dry pleaſantry is highly entertaining; I own I had been greatly delighted with it at *Paris*. The firſt moments in which friends meet, after a long ſeparation, are exquiſitely pleaſing. I will now give you a ſhort account of whatever is remarkable in the town.

The King's palace has but a mean appearance outwardly, but the inſide is richly ornamented. The bed-chamber is adorned with the four elements of ALBANO. In the cloſets are to be ſeen the dropſical woman of GIRARDON, ſeveral fine *Flemiſh* pictures, and excellent miniatures. The front of the palace of the duke of CHABLAIS is built in an elegant taſte; the Opera theatre has a grand roof, and the court of the Univerſity is well built. The King encourages the arts, and does his utmoſt to make them flouriſh. He has an antiquary, named BARTOLI, who likewiſe cultivates poetry. Would you think that the firſt verſes I was complimented with upon entering *Italy*, were *Engliſh*, and compoſed by Lord BARNWALL. I dare not ſend you a tranſlation of a panegyrick made upon me, I ſhall therefore ſend you the original.

Amongſt

Amongſt the honours, wondring *Europe* pays
To MILTON, father of immortal lays;
If ought can touch his happy ſoul below,
It is the glory he receives from you *.
Now *Britain* with you ſhould divide his crown:
For had you not, to make his beauties known,
In your ſoft language turn'd his noble theme,
Her greateſt Bard had got but half his fame.

I apprehend I ſhall return to *Turin*, and give you a longer account of this city when my journey is near at an end: our Ambaſſador was ſo kind as to invite me to paſs a fortnight with him there. His merit and his character equally contribute to make him the idol of every body. Yeſterday at the Rings, where I ſaw ſeveral fine coaches and beautiful ladies, one of them intending to oblige him, threw a copy of verſes into his chariot, in which I then happened to be: he read them with great earneſtneſs, and thought they were compoſed extempore: he was quite miſtaken, it was a compliment which Monſieur DE VOLTAIRE ſent me ten years ago with his Tragedy of SEMIRAMIS. How ſhould it come here? I know nothing of the matter, I never communicated it to you, nor to any body elſe; but ſince it is public I think I have reaſon to be proud of the lines, here they are:

A Vow

* Madam DU BOCAGE publiſhed a poem, intitled, *Paradis Terreſtre*, imitated from MILTON.

I made a vow, both raſh and vain,
To ſing in one connected ſtrain
Wit, graces, and the pow'rful art
To captivate and charm each heart;
The happy talent to unite
The Muſes and the God of ſoft delight.
This ſole purſuit engroſs'd my thought:
The union rare I eager ſought;
My ſearch was fruitleſs, vain my care,
I ſaw DU BOCAGE, and ſtopp'd there;
For in that Siſter of the Nine
Thoſe gifts and graces all combine.

LETTER XVII.

Venice, two days before the Carnival of the *Aſcenſion*, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

AFter having left *Turin*, we croſſed the river ſeven times in a ferry boat, and paſſed through ſhady and fertile plains which are often overflowed with water. The rice that grows there requires a moiſt ſoil; it is drained by ditches which border the road as far as *Milan*, of which city you will find a deſcription in every author that gives an account of theſe parts. The Cathedral is a fine gothic building covered both within and without with marble, dug out of the quarries of the country, adorned with ſix domes, three hundred and ſixty columns, and four thouſand

thouſand ſtatues; moſt of which are the works of eminent artiſts. The following words are engraved upon that of St BARTHOLOMEW, in praiſe of its extraordinary beauty:

Non me PRAXITELES *ſed* MARCUS *finxit Agrati.*

Time defaces theſe maſter-pieces of art, whilſt they have been three hundred years labouring, at an immenſe expence, to complete this vaſt edifice. The nails of the horſes ſhoes upon which CONSTANTINE rode in triumph, adorn the vault; they are taken down, and fixed up again once every year with the utmoſt ceremony and pomp. The ſubterraneous caverns contain the magnificent tomb of St CHARLES, patron of the church. There is another treaſure in the *Ambroſian* Library, given to the public by Cardinal BORROMEO, nephew to St CHARLES; it is a learned manuſcript, which LEONARDO DA VINCI, a painter, and a man of univerſal genius, wrote with his left hand; he died in the arms of FRANCIS I.

Our faſhions and amuſements are more followed in this great city than any where elſe in *Italy*. I had the happineſs of being recommended there to the Counteſs SIMONETTI, who is a zealous patroneſs of whatever comes from *Paris*; ſhe has her cloaths made there, ſpeaks the *French* language well, has all the politeneſs of our nation, and was

ſo

ſo kind as to lend us her box at the Play-houſe. Its magnificence appeared by the manner in which it was lighted and provided with refreſhments. This Lady permitted me to follow her to the ring. This is the firſt time I ever ſaw people take the air without moving. We ſtopped before a church in a public ſquare; I was quite aſtoniſhed at our being thus motionleſs, and took the liberty to aſk what our coach, and the other coaches that had ſtopped in the ſame manner, were waiting for. I was told, in anſwer, that they were taking the air according to the cuſtom of the country. We were puzzled to gueſs the origin of ſuch a cuſtom, and the moſt probable conjecture we could form was, that it took its riſe from the conſtraint in which the *Italian* women formerly lived. The pretext of taking the air gave gallant cavaliers, whom they could not have ſeen at home, an opportunity of ſpeaking to them at their coach-doors: and though they enjoy full liberty there at preſent, the cuſtom derived from their former reſtraint ſubſiſts to this day: our converſation upon this ſubject laſted a long time.

My kind conductreſs, not ſatisfied with inſtructing me in the manners of the country, and admitting me to her table and her aſſemblies, invited us to paſs the night before our departure at her country ſeat at *Vaprio*, where we were very well entertained, and enjoyed the moſt delightful proſpect. An orangery,

in

in terraſſes, which extends itſelf on one ſide of the houſe, has the command of a canal navigable for all ſorts of veſſels that ſail to *Milan*; and thirty foot below it, which is ſomething very extraordinary, runs the river *Adda*, ſeparated from the upper canal only by a wall twelve feet thick. Upon the oppoſite ſhore are two villages, the houſes of which are exceeding handſome: beyond them a beautiful plain, woods and verdant hills extend as far as the *Alps*, the ſummit of which, covered with ſnow intermixed with clouds, forms an admirable landſcape.

Upon leaving this delightful retreat, we continued our journey upon a road which is very rough; except three leagues of it, which the noble ERIZZO, who is now Ambaſſador at *Paris*, cauſed to be repaired whilſt he was Governor of *Bergamo*, an antient city remarkable for its Fairs and its Harlequins. We were then conducted by a ſtony road to *Breſcia*, which Cardinal QUIRINI, its late Biſhop, adorned with a magnificent church, not as yet entirely finiſhed: He began by cauſing his tomb to be erected within the incloſure, and his buſt over the door. Thus the deſire of making a figure in this world, and the fear of puniſhment in the next, equally contribute to multiply pious foundations every where.

From

From this which is a conſiderable fortified town, we proceeded onward to *Verona*, upon a cauſeway which is ſtill extreamly hard. Low carts, drawn by ſix or eight oxen yoked together, ſeem there to ſink in the mire. The *Venetians*, who are ſtrict obſervers of their laws, do not ſeem to have any for keeping their high roads in repair, and taking care of the pavement of their towns. This which we are now going to paſs through, ſhould however be a little better paved than it is. There one ſees fine palaces and noble remains of antiquity, chiefly an Amphitheatre built in the time of AUGUSTUS; excepting the firſt row, which is ſunk into the ground through the great antiquity of the building, the whole inſide is entire. The Marquis MAFFEI, a perſon of the moſt exquiſite taſte, has repaired forty four ſteps, which are in breadth twenty five inches by eighteen. I examined them all to the very top; my imagination placed a hundred and fifty thouſand upon thoſe marble ſeats which were made to hold them, filled the area with wild beaſts, and formed to itſelf the fineſt ſight imaginable. This idea is ſometimes realized, when people are brought together at this amphitheatre on public feſtivals. Why was I not preſent at ſome of theſe entertainments? There are a few verſes of CLAUDIAN upon this amphitheatre, which I tranſlated by way of amuſement.

A ſavage lion, in the foreſts bred,
To the full Amphitheatre is led; [flies,
Quick he's attack'd; he fights a while, then
And wounded ſtruggles 'midſt the people's cries;
Unterrify'd he views the crouds around,
Though hiſſes thro' the Circus wide reſound.

The country of the Marquis MAFFEI every where diſcovers traces of his learned labours. He has cauſed to be incruſted upon the walls of the Academical Theatre ſeveral pieces of ancient marble covered with inſcriptions, and divers figures in baſſo relievo. His marble buſt, which has a ſtriking reſemblance, crowns the gate, and makes a great figure in the ſquare of the town-houſe. This method of honouring eminent men is too much neglected amongſt us. Would not the heads of CORNEILLE, MOLIERE, LA FONTAINE, BOSSUET, COLBERT, TURENNE, &c. convey more pleaſing ideas than the groteſque figures, and ſaxon or china ware, with which we fill our houſes at an enormous expence? M. ZENOBRIO, Governor of *Verona*, that I might have the pleaſure of ſeeing the whole country at one view, was ſo obliging as to accompany me to St PETER's caſtle, built upon the ruins of an ancient Theatre, from whence we diſcovered the *Adige*, which runs through the town and waters a fertile plain. We had a fancy to viſit the dark and narrow

Cathedral

Cathedral, where the following inſcription is to be read upon the tomb of pope LUCIUS III.

OSSA LUCII.

I am ſo much a friend to ſhort Epitaphs, that I thought proper to tranſcribe it. That of the SCALIGERS, who were formerly Sovereigns of the place, and from whoſe family the two pedants of the name of SCALIGER (one of whom died in *France*, the other in *Holland*) boaſted themſelves deſcended, is at Santa Maria *Antica*. VITRUVIUS, FRACASTORIUS, CORNELIUS NEPOS, PLINY the Naturaliſt, the gallant CATULLUS, and the Emperors VESPASIAN and DOMITIAN, were likewiſe born in this Town.

I ſay nothing of the pictures of the moſt eminent maſters of the *Lombard* ſchool, nor of the curious cabinets which this place is poſſeſſed of; there are many books extant which give an account of them.

But you are deſirous of accompanying me in my travels: let us now proceed to *Vicenza*. Many monuments in this city ſhew it to be the country of the famous PALLADIO, who died in 1580. The fineſt edifices now remaining from his plans, are a triumphal Arch, and a Hall in the form of a demi-circus, formed according to the deſcription given by VITRUVIUS of Theatres of this kind. We are informed by PLINY, that SCAURUS cauſed two

to be erected at *Rome* in wood, which turned upon a pivot, could be eaſily joined together in a moment, and formed a circus for chariot-races. It was propoſed to us to go to viſit the Olympick Theatre; I had heard of all the wonders of *Italy* before, except this alone. I expected to ſee only an encloſure for young perſons to contend for the prize at all ſorts of bodily exerciſes; how agreeably was I ſurprized upon entering a place where *Roman* ſpectacles were exhibited? five ſtreets, adorned with fine houſes, on every ſide, end at a ſquare, in which the moſt elegant architecture is diſplayed, and where the performers make their appearance. At the foot of the foremoſt ſcene is the Orcheſtra, where the Conſuls and Veſtals were formerly ſeated. Around this place are erected, in a ſemi-circle, ſixteen benches crowned with a baluſtrade, adorned with thirty ſtatues, above the human ſize, and all made of white marble. The ſpace between each of them, and the colonade which ſurrounds them, left us room to go round, and to contemplate the decorations of the Theatre; to which we again deſcended, to viſit the ſeveral ſtreets, where the DAVUS's and CHREMES's entering upon the ſtage could ſpeak without ſeeing each other. I was then convinced that the long ſpeeches they make *aſide* were no way incongruous or unnatural.

In

The better to form an Idea of the art by which the players made themſelves heard in a place ſo extenſive, we viſited every corner which returns the voice. This curious Theatre, a plan of which I carry with me, is now made uſe of only for the balls given at the famous fairs which are held in all the towns of *Lombardy*. I ſhould have been glad to be preſent when an attempt was made to act a play there; and am very ſorry I did not cauſe the Amphitheatre to be lighted, (that I might ſee the effect produced by the illumination at our return;) whilſt the Marquis of CAPRA, who accompanied us, carried us to his country-houſe, to partake of an entertainment. This delightful country-ſeat, where the pictures of SCAMMOZZI and PALLADIO, who built it, are to be ſeen, furniſhed the model of that of MARLI, NAVARRE, and BURLINGTON, of which I gave you an account in my voyage to *England*.

To pay due homage to the genius of PALLADIO, before we left *Vicenza*, we ſtopt oppoſite to the little palace of his own conſtruction in which he lodged himſelf; and we went out of the town through fields planted with trees checkerwiſe, according to the manner of the whole country. Vines twine round the other trees, and paſs from one to another in the form of Garlands. The land till'd under the ſhadow of theſe trees is ſo much the more

fertile: this garden conducted us to *Padua*, ſo much renowned for its Univerſity, its great extent, its ſtreets adorned with porticos on each ſide, its botanic garden, and the immenſe Town-houſe, where are the tombs of its founder, ANTENOR, of LIVY the hiſtorian, who was born in this country, and of the Marchioneſs DOBIZZI, who ſo far ſurpaſſed LUCRETIA and SUSANNA in chaſtity, that ſhe preferred death to adultery, and died before the crime was committed. The CONTARINI's, noble *Venetians*, whom we had known at *Paris*, and whom we met accidentally, ſhewed us all theſe curioſities, and gave us to underſtand, that the tomb of PETRARCH is at *Arqua* near *Padua*.

The *Timavus* of the ancients, now called the *Brenta*, runs round this city; we were carried upon it to the neighbourhood of *Venice* in very convenient boats, by as fine a canal as that which leads from *Amſterdam* to *Utrecht*; it is not ſo much adorned with trees cut in the form of creſcents, but the villas on each ſide of it are larger, and built in a more elegant taſte; the ſtatues much finer, and the thickets better laid out, eſpecially thoſe which belong to the Nobles PISANO and LOREDANO.

After having ſufficiently viewed theſe ſuperb habitations, we again entered our little boat. My fellow traveller obſerved near *Venice* ſeveral black gondolas, and thought that ſome great perſonage was going to be buried:

lamps

lamps faſtened on the inſide of them, which he took to be fonts to hold holy water, confirmed him in this opinion; but as we went farther we perceived that all the gondolas were of the ſame gloomy hue. The cluſter of Iſlands which appeared to our view, ſeparated inſenſibly before our attentive eyes, like the clouds of a theatrical decoration, and diſplayed a floating town, into which we entered by a long canal adorned with palaces of an enchanting beauty; the moſt delightful were thoſe of GRIMANI, PISANI, FOSCARINI, MOROSINI, CORNARO, and a hundred more. The deſcription SANNAZARIUS has given of this fine and ſurprizing city, which, tho' without fortifications, is impregnable by its ſituation, is univerſally known.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam NEPTUNUS in undis
Stare urbem & toti ponere jura mari.
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis JUPITER arces
Objice, & illa tui mœnia Martis, ait,
Si pelago Tyberim prefers, urbem aſpice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe deos.

We lodge at the hotel d'*Angleterre*, the maſter of which is a *Frenchman*; he makes us pay exorbitantly on account of the Carnival of the aſcenſion, which begins to morrow. At

other times one may live here reaſonably enough. A gondola may be hired for ſix livres a day. They are light boats, which, in order to paſs under four hundred bridges built acroſs the canals, are low, ſharp-pointed and glide along the water like fiſhes. Two gondoliers, one of whom ſtands fore, and another aft, with oars in their hands, diſengage themſelves from a multitude of gondolas, which they paſs by without once hitting againſt them. Coaches however are more convenient and more expeditious. I ſhould likewiſe prefer a habitation built upon a ſolid foundation, to a city built upon piles, which ſeems to be always immerſed under water. On one ſide of the houſes, the water comes up to the door; on the other ſide one may eſcape it by narrow ſtreets paved with large ſtones. I will give you a farther account of this city in my next.

LETTER XVIII.

Venice, *June* 1, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

YOU aſk me how I can find means to get myſelf introduced to good company in places where I am unknown?

Politeneſs in *Italy*, as well as at *London*, and even in *Holland*, requires that the natives ſhould be beforehand with ſtrangers in viſiting

ing them; the friends of the perſons to whom they are recommended conſider this as a duty. We have the happineſs of being recommended to two noble *Venetian* Ladies of the Families of CONDOLMER and CORNARO. The latter, who was lately married, made me a preſent of the Poems printed to celebrate her nuptials. The cuſtom of all countries obliges verſifiers, who are acquainted with a new-married couple, to write a Sonnet or an Epithalamium in their honour upon theſe occaſions. This ſpecies of compoſition was entirely new to me. I was however obliged to make a beginning, and to praiſe, without well knowing what to ſay. I here ſend you this pretended extempore compoſition, which I produced at my leiſure at *Paris*. I had been appriſed of the cuſtom, and the marriage.

Faſt by a fertile hill, beſpread with green,
Where the bright Naiad of the ſilver *Seine*
The voice of fame diffuſes all around,
What ſhouts throughout the plains below reſound!
'Tis ſaid a beauty on the banks of *Po*
Prepares on HYMEN triumphs to beſtow.
Venice ſhall ſoon behold the nuptial rites;
The god with lighted torch the gueſts invites,
His curling locks to fanning breezes play,
With ſweeteſt garlands crown'd of flowrets gay.

The

The god, whom ſuch a glorious conqueſt charms,
Conſigns CONDOLMER to CORNARO's arms.
Their names in hiſtory ſo high renown'd
My feeble voice preſum'd not to reſound;
But PHOEBUS ſoft commands, my voice I raiſe,
And ſtrive to celebrate the lovers praiſe:
From *Peneus* to the *Laire*, each deathleſs name
My Muſe ſhall conſecrate to laſting fame.
Both with each virtue and endowment ſhine,
Which grac'd for ages their illuſtrious line.
Favour'd by MARS, the god of war, one ſprings
From the fam'd race of ancient *Cyprian* Kings*.
The goddeſs VENUS, at whoſe bliſsful ſhrine
The grateful *Cyprians* offer rites divine,
With mutual love our hero's heart inſpir'd;
The nymph for wit and beauty was admir'd.
A Pontif † ſprung from that illuſtrious line,
Proſtrate for her before the ſacred ſhrine,
Breath'd forth his fervent and his pious vows,
That heav'n might bleſs her with a faithful ſpouſe.
Better to celebrate the happy pair,
Be PAN with choirs of joyous dancers there:
Muſe of *Eridanus*, their love divine
By tuneful ſtrains to deathleſs fame conſign.

I offered

* A queen of *Cyprus*, who gave this iſland to the *Venetians*, was deſcended from the race of CORNARO.

† Pope EUGENE IV. of the houſe of CONDOLMER.

I offered theſe verſes and ſome *Paris* trifles, upon which the foreign Ladies were ſo obliging as to ſet a value, to the bride and to her mother, who is but a young woman. They are ſo good as to direct me by their advice, and take upon them to be my guides. I am as you may well imagine, more indebted to their kindneſs for marks of favour and friendſhip than I could even have preſumed to hope.

Theſe Ladies carried us, in one of the Galleys belonging to the public, to the Ceremony of the *Bucentaure*. A Mariner, who ſtands upon the tower of St MARK to obſerve the heavens, is ſaid to anſwer with his life for the veſſel aboard of which the *Doge* is embarked; you may judge then if he be not attentive to make it re-enter the harbour at the leaſt appearance of an impending ſtorm. Repreſent to your imagination ſhores crowded with a multitude of people, whoſe ſhouts pierce the air, a ſea covered with gondolas and feluccas, with a band of muſic in each, the report of the cannon, both of the caſtles and the veſſels, a hundred ſtreamers waving in the air, and a diſtant proſpect of the ſummits of the mountains of *Tirol* covered with ſnow, in ſpight of the ſun which ſhines upon the tops of the houſes; ſuch a picture as this delighted our eyes at noon on the day of the Aſcenſion. The maſquerade habits which people aſſume upon that occaſion are not laid aſide in leſs than a fortnight after, and are worn

worn ſeveral times in the year. Women, fond of elegance, are at a great expence to embroider with the ſame colour the long black mantle worn at this maſquerade. The fineſt black lace forms the hood, which, under a black hat adorned with a plume of black feathers, covers their head and ſhoulders. Under this dreſs they have all their uſual clothes, their hoops, and even large noſegays. Notwithſtanding all the pains they are at, this diſguiſe appears to me to be diſmal, inconvenient and deſtitute of variety. Men and women wear the ſame ſort of clokes, hoods and hats, all black, with white maſks; ſo that when they lie down in their black gondolas, as they frequently do, you may gueſs what ſort of appearance they make. No one is to be ſeen in public at the time of Carnival without this diſguiſe. They are indeed at liberty to take off their maſks and their hoods in the Theatre, and at the Aſſemblies; but this habit has been ſo often worn, that one would think it was high time to fancy one more becoming.

At the firſt viſits and ceremonies the men are in robes, the Ladies in black, which they ſet off with a quantity of precious ſtones and lace. I ſaw a great number of them the other day aſſembled and dreſſed, to aſſiſt at the ceremony of taking the veil by the daughter of a Senator, at one of the convents, in which none are received but women of noble fami-

lies.

lies. One half of the ſenate aſſiſted upon this occaſion: both the inſide and outſide of the church were richly adorned; but nothing can equal the appearance of the gallery thro' which the victim advanced towards the grate. It was of a great length, vaulted, and terminated by the ſea; the walls, that were on both ſides painted red, and lined with real orange trees mixed with figures of paſteboard, which admirably imitate alabaſter, formed the moſt ſurprizing decoration imaginable. The conſecrated bride, crowned with flowers, and ſupported by two venerable matrons, advanced ſlowly upon a blue carpet ſtrewed with roſes, pronounced her vows in the preſence of a Prelate, and then went up again to the parlour. All the ladies went thither, two by two, to ſalute her; Madam DE LOREDANO, ſiſter to the Doge, who was the only Lady in colours there, in order to do me honour as a ſtranger, was ſo obliging as to carry me to this ceremony. Refreſhments of all ſorts were ſerved up. Thirty thouſand ducats are ſpent at one of thoſe ceremonies. The regulations made here for preventing the increaſe of luxury, cannot put a ſtop to theſe uſeleſs expences. Young Ladies who have no hopes of being married to advantage, are very willing to take the veil. They are not laid under any great reſtraint by the convent; for they have every evening aſſemblies at the grate, and their habit ſets off inſtead of concealing

cealing their beauty. Madam MICHAELI, with whom I had the happineſs of being acquainted, in this dreſs gave me an idea of angelic appearances. I never ſaw a figure more beautiful, more ſtriking, and more amiable. All people are eager to pay their court to her at the parlour. Foreign Miniſters are admitted there. The policy of the country forbids the Nobles to converſe with the latter; this occaſions the higheſt perplexity to perſons who, like us, have the honour of viſiting both. Count ROSENBERG, Ambaſſador from *Vienna*, and the Nuncio BRANCIFORTE, who brought to *Paris* from the Pope the ſwadling-clothes of the Duke of *Burgundy*, gave us a grand dinner. In return, the Abbe DE VILLEFONT, who is charged with the affairs of *France*, invited, together with theſe two Ambaſſadors, one of the Princes CORSINI, who travelled ſo much to his improvement all over *Europe*; the beautiful Marchioneſſes SAINT PRIE' of *Turin*, and CORSI of *Florence*, who were brought to *Venice* by the Carnival; and us poor travellers, to give us a moſt elegant entertainment. The place proved anſwerable to his care. His dining rooms, in one of which the meat was ſerved up, in another the fruit, and in a third the coffee, are between a garden leading to them, and the ſea which waſhes the lower part of the windows. After the entertainment we went to viſit hoſpitals famous for their raviſhing concerts

concerts, which are performed by choirs of girls: the voices, the inſtruments, and every thing relating to them, are divine; their harmonious ſymphonies make the vault reſound, and charm the ear. A grate, which has a curtain before it, conceals them from curious eyes, and gives their ſongs a ſtill ſtronger reſemblance to angelic melody.

The churches at *Venice* are of an extraordinary magnificence. You will find a deſcription of them in the writings of all travellers, as well as of the pictures of the greateſt maſters with which they are adorned. At the church of SANTA MARIA DELL HORTO, is to be ſeen the noble monument of the CONTARINI's. In the church which goes by the name of DEI FRATI, is that of the celebrated TITIAN. At the church of St LUC that of ARETIN, born at *Arezzo*. I have made an attempt to tranſlate his epitaph, which I ſubjoin here.

Condit ARETINI ceneres lapis iſte ſepultos,
Mortales atro qui ſale perſricuit.
Intactus Deus eſt illi; cauſamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit, ille, inquit, not mihi notus erat.

Here the fam'd ARETINUS' bones repoſe,
Who in his ſatires ſpar'd nor friends nor foes;
But to the author God was quite unknown,
And God he in his ſatires ſpar'd alone.

As I am a lover of poetry, every body here is ſo obliging as to uſe this language, in order to flatter me, and to ſeize every opportunity to make me hear it. You were acquainted with JOSEPH FARCETI, a noble *Venetian*, and a man of learning, at *Paris*. His couſin, who is of the ſame name, and has a taſte equally exquiſite, invited us yeſterday to dine with him, and GOLDONI the celebrated comic poet, together with the counteſs GOZZI, who has obliged the world with a tranſlation of TERENCE, and took the trouble to tranſlate my Tragedy of the *Amazons* into *Italian* verſe, and get it printed at her own expence. I wrote her the following verſes by way of acknowledgment.

The *Amazonians* when I ſung,
My tuneful lyre the Muſes ſtrung;
Envenom'd ſatire then in vain
Will pour its poiſon on my ſtrain.
Near *Adriatic* ſhores a dame,
Who vies with *Amazonian* fame,
Conſigns by her immortal lays
My *Amazons* to laſting praiſe.
To PHOEBUS dear her art divine
Procures me favour at his ſhrine;
And to the ſacred valley leads
My *Thracian* bands of warlike maids.
Muſe, who to *Po* doſt guide my flight,
Such favours how can I requite?

By

By honours due to heavenly pow'rs,
By votive offerings, or by flow'rs?

The huſband of this SAPPHO, who is now tranſlating my *Terreſtrial Paradiſe*, and Monſ. QUIRINI, who, like me, has taken COLUMBUS for his hero, has been ten years compoſing ten cantos upon the ſubject of his voyages, and has juſt publiſhed his work as well as I, were of the company. This extraordinary reſemblance made us enter into a converſation, which laſted during a long and agreeable entertainment. After coffee (which they drink all the day long at *Venice*) M. LANDINI, author of the *Temple of Philoſophy* in *Martellian* verſe*, and who has the greateſt talent at ſinging *Italian* poems by heart†, of any man in that country, where it is commoner than in any other, took his Mandoline§, and in a recitative but little varied, ſung according to their cuſtom ſeveral verſes, ſome of which were very good, upon any ſubject that was propoſed. This talent, of which we have no idea, aſtoniſhes us: I do not know whether our language is ſuſceptible of it; the *Italian* tongue is more copious, and admits of greater liberties. I was

* Or *Alexandrine*. MARTELLI was the firſt inventor of this ſpecies of *Italian* verſe, which conſiſts of fourteen ſyllables.

† This the *Italians* call *improviſare*.

§ A ſort of muſical inſtrument.

in the houſe of the Muſes. If our ears were enchanted by harmony, our eyes were equally raviſhed by the beauties of painting and ſculpture. The owner of theſe wonders has a choice collection of pictures, and brings over upon the *Adriatic* ſea all the fine ſtatues of the *Arno* and the *Tiber*. BENEDICT XIV. permits him to take molds of them, upon condition, that for every figure of which he takes the model in plaiſter, he ſhall ſend a copy of it to the Academy of the Inſtitute at *Bologna*, where that Pope was born. This fine collection, which coſt M. FARCETTI a hundred and fifty thouſand livres, furniſhes out one of the moſt curious galleries I ever ſaw in my life. He joins a taſte for modern ornaments to the love of the finer antique: he has reſided a long time in *France*, and has known how to copy the beſt plans of that country in his entreſoles, which look on a broad canal. There a hundred gondolas, or boats, reflected by the looking glaſſes, form moving pictures. Whilſt theſe mirrors reflect real images, the maſter-pieces of RAPHAEL and TITIAN, in the gallery above, record the paſt tranſactions by the admirable ſtrokes of their art. Upon the ſame canal Mr SMITH, a rich *Engliſh* gentleman, has built an agreeable habitation for himſelf entirely in the *Engliſh* taſte; the very tables and locks of the gates are made after the manner of that country; but he is not indebted to *London* for his fine collection

collection of admirable pictures, of books in the learned languages, and curioſities of all ſorts.

Though the noble *Venetians* have ſuperb palaces richly furniſhed after the manner of our anceſtors, they reſide at them but ſeldom, rarely invite company, and retire to little country-houſes leſs embelliſhed with ornaments, and much in the ſame nature as thoſe which we call little houſes in *France*. Huſbands and wives have ſeparate ſeats, and ſometimes more than one; and it is cuſtomary with them to go to theſe without any attendants but their gondoliers. The Ladies upon theſe occaſions, are always accompanied by a Ciciſbeo or Squire. SACRAMOZO, knight of *Malta*, an amiable man, of extenſive knowledge, and a great traveller, whom I had known in *Holland* and at *Paris*, was ſo good as to attend me in this capacity upon occaſion. The firſt time he did me the honour of accompanying me in my viſits, he perceived me under ſome uneaſineſs at having forgot my cards; would you think it, that he had taken the precaution to provide himſelf with printed ones! It is an article of my function, ſaid he; and I am alſo to attend you to the coffee-houſe, when you go there to take any refreſhment; as likewiſe when you take a walk of an evening at St MARK's ſquare or by the great canal, which is extreamly agreeable during the heat of ſummer.

Thus the Ladies go about accompanied by their Cavaliers only, who in ſome meaſure reſemble the ancient Knights of the round table: the diſguiſes are uniform: the gondolas, which are all of the ſame colour, may be ſhut at pleaſure; they carry the key of the little country-houſe in their pockets; a nun's lamp lighted upon the ſtairs of a citizen's houſe, part of which forms the country-ſeat, directs the way. They enter, they reſt themſelves either in company, or *tête à tête*, as they think proper, without incurring any ſort of ſcandal. I have ſeen ſeveral of theſe familiar retreats, and muſt beg leave to tell the Ladies, who were ſo kind as to admit me to them, that they have a wrong notion of the liberty of *French* Ladies, as theirs greatly ſurpaſſes it.

When I read in MISSON, that the Ladies of *Venice* live in the greateſt conſtraint imaginable; I am convinced that the manners of a people undergo a total change in the ſpace of a century. I have been aſſured, that here a young Lady, whether married or not, if ſhe happens to be tired of the Opera, after midnight, propoſes to her Ciciſbeo an amuſement which muſt give high delight to thoſe that are ſo much uſed to go upon water; this is to ride poſt. They immediately imbark aboard a gondola, ſail three quarters of a league in order to gain the land, then ride poſt in a chaiſe, drink coffee, and return to their boat which brings them back by day-

day-break to the town. The great indulgence which the *Venetian* Ladies meet with, prevents them from making a bad uſe of their liberty.

There are many beauties in *Venice*, much fairer than ours in *France*. I attribute their fine complexions to the narrowneſs of the ſtreets, which are neither incommoded by the ſun, nor the duſt, as no ſort of carriages, horſes or mules, are ſuffered in that city. The Ladies ſail under the ſhade of trees in their gondolas, and ſeldom go abroad in the day-time. Their routs do not begin in ſummer till ten o'clock; before they go there, they amuſe themſelves by taking a walk at St MARK's ſquare, which is magnificently built, ſurrounded with porticos three hundred paces in length, and a hundred and fifty broad. The fair, by which it is now cut into a multiplicity of fine allies, prevents me from ſeeing its extent; but the decorations of the illuminated ſhops, and the great number of people in maſquerade, with which they are filled, delight the eye of the ſpectator. On one ſide are to be ſeen puppet-ſhows, rope-dancers and jugglers. On the other fortune-tellers, who, upon a little theatre covered with aſtronomical inſtruments, utter their oracular predictions through a long pipe, by which they are conveyed to the ear of the aſtoniſhed inquirer: The Mountebanks, who ſurpriſe me the moſt, are the Story-tellers,

who are ſurrounded by a crowd of auditors, whom they find means to amuſe without ſelling them noſtrums. The ſubject of their narratives is generally an amorous Monk, or a Huſband cuckolded by a wanton Wife, by intrigues reſembling thoſe ſo humorouſly deſcribed in BOCCACE's novels. This amuſement is ſtill very much in vogue amongſt the *Italians*. There is likewiſe a ſport to be ſeen there of which mention is made by *Claudian*: They form a pile of men, who ſtand upon each other's ſhoulders. A boy who ſtands at the ſummit, in order to deſtroy this edifice, leaps down into the arms of his father, who receives him; the remainder of the pile is diſſolved in the ſame manner amidſt the acclamations of the ſpectators.

The *Venetians* have no bowling-greens, nor places to take the air either on foot or on horſeback; they have no opportunity of hunting, nor are they by any means addicted to drinking. Amours, farcical entertainments, and mock ſea-fights are their chief amuſements. The populace here is much better acquainted with the works of their beſt Poets, than the lower ſort of people amongſt us are with the poetical compoſitions of their countrymen. A gondolier begins a canto of ARIOSTO or TASSO; his comrade ſings the ſtanza following, the firſt begins again, where he leaves off; and thus they go on, till the memory of one or the other begins to fail.

Theſe

Theſe verſes are chanted in a recitative, whoſe monotony has no variety to pleaſe the ear; but their ſongs and the muſical inſtruments of their country girls, who are well-dreſſed, and take at gentlemen's doors whatever they think proper to give them, enchant the hearer with a delightful harmony. Though they are neglected by the natives, whoſe ears are ſurfeited with them, ſtrangers are raviſhed by this novelty. They are not equally ſatisfied at firſt with the *Italian* opera. The performers at this Carnival have no ſort of reputation. I ſhall ſend you an account of them, when we have ſeen better. I am now much more diſpoſed to hear muſic, than to hold a converſation. The hoarſeneſs I contracted in paſſing the *Alps*, joined to the little knowledge I have of the language, renders what I ſay hardly intelligible. There are but few here who ſpeak the *French* tongue fluently, and they are all ſo officious as to aſk me a thouſand queſtions, ſo that you may judge of my perplexity. I ſhall be under a neceſſity of leaving them, without giving ſatisfactory anſwers.

I have juſt received a letter from Cardinal PASSIONEI; who is ſo kind as to remind me of my promiſe of repairing to *Rome* to ſee St PETER's fire-work; we ſhall be there without fail. If I have accidentally forgot any particulars worth your notice, I ſhall take care to lay them before you in my next.

LETTER XIX.

Bologna, *June* 9, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

I Have ſtill a great deal to tell you of Saint MARK's ſquare at *Venice*. The church which goes by the ſame name, and is built in the form of a Grecian croſs, occupies one of the fronts, is covered with five domes, and has at its frontiſpiece four horſes of gilt bronze from NERO's triumphal arch, which is ſtill engraved upon ſome of his medals. CONSTANTINE enriched the circus of CONSTANTINOPLE with it: and the *Venetians*, who were for ſome time in poſſeſſion of that metropolis, intended them for ornaments of their cathedral, as well as the five brazen gates of the moſque of St SOPHIA that ſtand before its entrance, and ſome pillars of Alabaſter, which are ſaid to be taken from the temple of SOLOMON. In this Baſilica, adorned from the vault to the pavement with ancient Moſaic work, is to be ſeen a great number of ſtatues brought thither from *Athens*. The table of the high altar is of maſſy gold enrich'd with precious ſtones; but the Treaſury did not appear to me to deſerve the extravagant encomiums that had been laviſhed upon it.

The great hall of the palace, furniſhed with excellent pictures by the *Venetian* ſchool,

is

is a hundred and fifty foot long, and ſeventy three broad. The Library, of which that of the famous PETRARCH makes part, contains a prodigious number of *Greek* manuſcripts, the preſents of Cardinal BESSARION, born at *Nice* in *Bithynia*.

After having ſhewn us theſe curioſities, they made us take notice in the galleries, of the muzzles of certain animals which appear very frightful to the citizens. It is cuſtomary to convey by theſe into a box depoſitions againſt any inhabitant that is become obnoxious to his neighbours. The ſtate-inquiſitors keep the keys of theſe, and open them when they think proper.

The Senate, which is compoſed of the whole body of the nobility, conſiſts of a hundred and twenty members, who decide of war and peace; it moreover furniſhes the members of the college of the twenty-ſix, whoſe buſineſs is to receive foreign Ambaſſadors, and report their demands to the ſenate The Patriarch preſides at the convocation, where religious controverſies are decided. A committee of theſe ſeveral councils called the council of Ten, determines all things without appeal, and even has power to depoſe the Doge; but he ſeldom puts them to this trouble. He is cloſely watched, his power is a meer ſhadow; and has nothing in it real; his ſalary amounts only to ſixty thouſand livres; and the expences of his reception,

ception, added to thoſe of his burying, which he is obliged to diſburſe beforehand, amount to fifty thouſand crowns. At the public ceremonies he wears a robe, and a mantle lined with ermine, and a four-cornered *Phrygian* cap. His palace has a proſpect of the ſea, and commands the *Broglio*, where the Nobles (for fear of giving umbrage by holding particular aſſemblies) tranſact all their affairs. This ſecond ſquare is joined to the firſt by an angle.

We had the curioſity to aſcend St MARK's tower, which is irregularly ſituated before the church, and three hundred feet high. Its body contains winding ſtairs, of ſo convenient a ſtructure, that a horſe can aſcend them. From thence a ſpectator may ſee at one view not only *Venice*, with the ports and numerous iſlands belonging to it; but *Lombardy*, the mountains of *Iſtria*, the place where the *Alps* give riſe to the *Appenines*, and the tract where the *Po* empties itſelf into the ſea.

I forgot to ſpeak of the Arſenal, which forms an Iſland twenty ſtadia in circumference, guarded by maſtives and encloſed by walls, which are flanked with towers and watched day and night by a noble *Venetian*. A ſpring of freſh water, which is ſaid to be unſuſceptible of infection even from poiſon, ſupplies water to two thouſand artificers, who work at their trades in fifty chambers, in which

which moſt of them are born and die, without ever quitting them. They keep always in repair the tackle neceſſary for a multitude of veſſels, each of which ſtands under an arch, and is waſhed by the waves of the ſea. We aſcended one of the largeſt, that ſtood upon dry land. From the bottom of the keel to the rudder, it ſeems as if one was to aſcend by ſtairs to the top of a high houſe, of ſo great a length, that two perſons could hardly ſee each other at the oppoſite ends of it.

The Gentlemen and Ladies of the CONDOLMER and CORNARO Families, who, according to the polite cuſtom of the country, took the trouble to accompany us when we viſited theſe places, the aſſemblies or the public diverſions, and even when we went to maſs, and that for three weeks together, were ſo good as to croſs the ſea on the day of our departure, in order to conduct us to *Chiozza*, a town two miles diſtant from *Venice*, and whoſe ſalt-pits enrich the republic. At the victory there gained by its forces in 1380, fire-arms were uſed by the *Venetians* for the firſt time. There our obliging conductors treated us with a ſumptuous dinner, and we had the pleaſure of ſeeing the beſt of company. Meſſieurs FARCETTI, and SACRAMOZO, Knight of *Malta*, of whom I have already made mention, were preſent, amongſt others, and the Abbe CHIARI, who upon the road complimented me with verſes in my praiſe,

and

and made me a preſent of his Comedies, Romances and Philoſophical Letters, written in the taſte of POPE's Ethic Epiſtles. This emulator of GOLDONI, like him, makes ſucceſsful efforts to improve the *Italian* Comedy: they would fain baniſh buffooneries and maſks, both of which were borrowed from the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*. How could people of ſuch delicacy ſuffer them upon their Theatres? I would allow the uſe of them in perſonating Devils, Satyrs, or Cyclops, of which nature ſupplies no model; but they ſhould not prevent us from beholding how human paſſions operate upon the countenance. We ſhould likewiſe do well were we to oblige our dancers to lay them aſide. But this digreſſion makes me loſe ſight of our feaſt at *Chiozza*, which I quitted with reluctance in order to embark.

We were adviſed to go by water to *Ferrara*. The amiable perſons with whom we had been in company, followed us a long time with their eyes from the ſhore, and even ſhed tears, which I returned them an hundred fold. As a laſt inſtance of their regard they recommended us to their friends upon the road, at whoſe country-houſes we were to be accommodated with lodgings. The next day it rained from morning till night. This obliged us to be all the time under deck, ſo that we paſſed our time in the moſt diſagreeable irkſomeneſs, and were under

der conſtant terror and apprehenſions. Our carriages went before in a bark, to which ours was faſtened, that the cord might not make us approach too near the ſhore; but the overflowing of the *Po* kept us ſo far diſtant from our horſes, that notwithſtanding all our precautions we often ſailed cloſe to the banks. The proverb is juſt, "Let no one travel by "water that has an opportunity of going "by land." If it had not been for the badneſs of the weather, the proſpect of the iſlands and the ſhores would have agreeably recalled to my memory the fable of PHAETON: many poplar trees, with long branches, trace to the imagination the ingenious metamorphoſis of his ſiſters.

We ſtopped but one day at *Ferrara*. That time is ſufficient to ſee the remaining grandeur of a city, which was in a flouriſhing condition under its Dukes, but is now quite deſerted, and badly paved. The great number of Prieſts, Monks and Nuns, muſt certainly contribute to depopulate theſe fine countries. Yet were our religion to have more profeſſors, the more God would be honoured by it, as I ſaid to Count VARANO, a Gentleman deſcended from an ancient family in this country, who was ſo good as to make me a preſent of his excellent Tragedies, and to accompany me to the cathedral. GREGORIO GERALDI (according to whoſe memorials the *Gregorian* Calendar was made) is there buried. We

alſo

alſo went to the monaſtery of the Benedictines, to pay our homage at the tomb of ARIOSTO, whoſe Epitaph I ſhall here ſubjoin. It is to be ſeen every where, but I will ſave you the trouble of looking for it.

Notus & Heſperiis jacet hic ARIOSTUS & Indis,
Cui muſa æternum nomen Hetruſca dedit,
Seu Satyram in vitia exacuit, ſeu comica luſit,
Seu cecinit grandi bella duceſque tubâ.
Ter ſummus vates, cui ſummi in vertice Pindi,
Tergemina licuit cingere fronde comas.

The aſhes of DANTE, born at *Florence*, repoſe at *Ravenna*, which was formerly a ſea-port town beyond the *Rubicon**, and a place of reſidence for the Emperors of the Weſt. This Poet being of the Gibeline party, was baniſhed thither by the Guelphs. Cardinal BEMBO, a *Venetian* by birth, repaired his tomb, and cauſed this new Epitaph to be inſcribed upon it.

Exiguâ tumuli DANTIS hic ſorte jacebas,
Squallenti nulli cognite penè ſitu.
At nunc marmoreo ſubnixus conderis arcu,
Omnibus & cultur ſplendidiore nites.
Nimirum BEMBUS muſis incenſus Hetruſcis,
Hoc tibi, quem primis hæ coluere, dedit.

We

* Now the *Piſatello*.

We arrived at *Bologna* the ſixth inſtant, very deſirous to ſee Count ALGAROTTI again, whom we had known at *Paris*, to which city he had twice made a tour. He has ſince viſited the northern courts. You have heard a great deal of his works, and the deſerved favour of the King of *Pruſſia* which he has long enjoyed. His health obliges him to quit that monarch for ſome years. Theſe he paſſes agreeably in this city, where his company is very much courted: I am greatly obliged to him for his civilities during my ſtay in this place. Judge how many queſtions we had to propoſe to each other. Our converſations are extremely lively. We often talk of Mr DE VOLTAIRE's agreeable and ſurprizing fertility of genius. I communicated to him a letter, which I had received from that eminent author in anſwer to one that I wrote to him in *Italian*, whilſt he was at *Lyons*, giving him to underſtand that my being invited to ſee the ceremony of the Doge's marriage with the *Adriatic* ſea, prevented me from paying a viſit at his ſeat near *Geneva*, called *Delices:* Here is the anſwer he made me:

O thou, who beareſt o'er Parnaſſus ſway,
Speed to the *Roman* capitol thy way;
Thence PETRARCH's myrtles, TASSO's laurels bring:
Were they alive, thy praiſes they would ſing:
And

And could they thy bright eyes, or verſes ſee,
Would ſurely die of love, or jealouſy.

The original of this letter is in *Italian*, as here follows; but the verſes are in *French*.

Dunque, O Signora, doppo ch'ella aurà veduto il cornuto ſpoſo del mar Adriatico, vedrá il Padre della chieſa, ſarà coronata nel campidoglio dalle mani del buon Benedetto. Ella dovrebbe ritornare per via di Ginevra, e trionſare tra gli Eretici, quando aurà ricevuto la corona poetica dei Santi Catolici; ma il ſuo viaggio è tutto per la gloria, e nel ſuo gran volo ella tranſcorrà noſtri lieti benche umili tetti. Il zio e la nipote bacciano affettuoſamente la mano, che a ſcritto tante belle coſe, e ſi raccommandano alla ſua benignità con ogni oſſequio.

"So, Madam, after you have ſeen the horned Huſband of the *Adriatic* ſea, you will behold the Father of the church, and be crowned in the capitol by the hands of the pious BENEDICT. You ſhould return by the way of *Geneva*, and triumph amongſt the Heretics, after having received a poetical crown from the hands of the holy Catholics; but your voyage is productive of glory wherever you go; and may you in the courſe of your peregrinations paſs by our happy but humble roof. Both the Uncle and the Niece affectionately

tionately kiſs the hand that has compoſed ſo many fine productions, and recommend themſelves to your friendſhip with the utmoſt obſequiouſneſs.

Good journey MILTON's *daughter*, CAMOEN's *ſiſter* *.

Depend upon it, Madam, that we will never forgive you for not having taken *Geneva* in your way."

Mr ALGAROTTI ſays, that our *French* HOMER writes the language of TASSO in great perfection. We are every day confirmed in the opinion that he has two or three ſouls at command. One alone can never embrace ſuch a variety of objects. A great Monarch, who is a friend to this illuſtrious Poet, after a grand entertainment which the Count gave us yeſterday, occaſioned us new ſubject of aſtoniſhment. The Count ſhewed me the printed works of this ingenious Sovereign, no leſs remarkable for the valour and conduct he ſhews in battles, than for his pictureſque manner of deſcribing it in his Poem upon that ſanguinary art, which he has dedicated to his brother.

I am apprehenſive for *Europe*, leſt the preſent war ſhould make him as much dreaded as his various talents cauſe him to be admired; but as the *Italian* proverb has it, *Buon re*

* Theſe words VOLTAIRE wrote in *Engliſh*.

degli altri è re di ſe ſteſſo, "He that is a good "King over others, can reign over himſelf." His familiar Epiſtles abound with ſuch judicious reflexions, often placed in a light entirely new, that our beſt Poets might be proud of them. It is ſomething aſtoniſhing that a foreign prince, who has the whole burden of ſtate-affairs upon him, not having the aſſiſtance of a prime miniſter, ſhould ſucceed ſo well in *French* poetry, the compoſition of which is ſo difficult. If he ſometimes offends againſt grammar, this ſhould be aſcribed to the too ſcrupulous exactneſs of our language. His making choice of it to write in does us ſo much honour, that I long impatiently to ſee this collection of Poems publiſhed. He has given copies only to his particular favourites, who will take care of them no doubt. I would not have the Count entruſt me with one; neither does he intend it, he would be apprehenſive of having a copy taken. We read the Poem together every evening. He has alſo ſhewn me ſome pretty *Italian* ſonnets, and a fine *Engliſh* ode upon Death, written by Lady WORTLEY MONTAGU, with whom we had the pleaſure of converſing at *Venice*, which is her ſettled place of reſidence. You have, doubtleſs, been informed, that upon her return from her embaſſy to *Conſtantinople*, ſhe had the reſolution to have her only ſon inoculated: her example was univerſally followed by the *Engliſh*. M.

DE

DE LA CONDAMINE, famous for his learning, his travels, and his zeal for the public welfare, adviſes us to avail ourſelves of the talents of this celebrated Lady. *France* is indebted to our Abbé YART * for excellent tranſlations of ſeveral of her works. I took the liberty to aſk her how ſhe paſſed her time in her retirement; and, as all languages are familiar to her, we were inclined to think that the great number of authors ranged upon the ſhelves of her library, employed many of her leiſure hours. "No, Muſe, returned ſhe, "time has taught me that metaphyſical ſyſ- "tems, and even hiſtorical facts delivered "for truths, are far from being ſo in deed; "I therefore amuſe myſelf with the moſt "agreeable fictions, and read nothing but "romances: notwithſtanding my fondneſs "for theſe trifles, and my being a rebel "againſt the laws of *Rome*, behold and ad- "mire the picture of the preſent Pope, a- "mongſt the great men who adorn my clo- "ſet."

I likewiſe ſaw there that of Lord BOLINGBROKE, with whom ſhe was perſonally acquainted, as ſhe is well verſed in his writings. Her opinion of him is, that he is a learned and profound author, but that his works are too prolix. The careſſes with which this Lady honoured me, ended with her aſſuring

* Of the Academy of *Rouen*; he has tranſlated ſome of the beſt pieces of *Engliſh* literature.

me, that if ſhe was ten years younger ſhe ſhould not be able to reſiſt her inclination to accompany me to *Naples*, the ſituation of which ſhe highly admired. She likewiſe thinks *Conſtantinople* a delightful place to any one that is not quite bigotted to the Opera and the *Tuilleries*.

But it is time to return to the agreeable entertainment at *Bologna*, where I had the pleaſure of ſeeing Count CASALI, mathematical Profeſſor of the Academy of the *Inſtitute*, and the learned ZANOTTI, perpetual Secretary of that Muſeum. This Gentleman, who may be looked upon as a ſecond FONTENELLE, retains in an advanced age great gaiety and politeneſs. The Marchioneſs of SCAPPI, Niece to the Archbiſhop, who joins the beauties of the mind to the exterior graces of her perſon, added one to the number of our amiable gueſts. This fair Lady was ſo good as to take me under her protection, and to accompany me from the public walks to the Comedy, where the PAMELA of GOLDONI, the *Italian* MOLIERE, was repreſented, which gave us both high ſatisfaction. The next day ſhe gave me leave to accompany her to the aſſembly. The apartment is hired by the Nobility, and they pay a perſon to keep it in order. The refreſhments which he furniſhes are, without doubt, ſufficient to defray the charges of cards and wax-candles. In the ſecond-rate towns of *Italy*, this public

rendezvous

rendezvous enables people to paſs the evening in company without having the trouble of receiving viſits. Foreigners, who are introduced by any one that has made an agreement for the ſeaſon, are admitted. We were not there yeſterday, I was ſo fatigued: we ſpent the day in taking a view of the pictures which adorn the fine Church of Saint PATRONIUS, and the long meridian-line of CASSINI ſet in the pavement. In the afternoon we viſited the Academy of the *Inſtitute*, where I had the honour of being admitted a member; this mark of diſtinction I may juſtly boaſt of; there are but three female members of it, the ſtudious LAURA BASSI, who is profeſſor of Phyſic, and gives public lectures in *Latin*; the famous Geometrician AGNESI, who is retired to a Convent at *Milan*; and the illuſtrious *Neapolitan* Princeſs DE COLLOMBRANO. The Marchioneſs of CHATELET was as worthy a member of this Academy of Sciences (which was founded by THEODOSIUS the Younger, and is one of the richeſt and moſt ancient in *Europe*) as I am the reverſe. It was improved by CHARLES the Great, and other Princes. The preſent Pope, in order to do honour to his country, has added ſeveral volumes to the forty thouſand belonging to the Library, and in purſuance of his intentions, M. FARCETTI has adorned one of the galleries with choice antique ſtatues, the models of which were taken in plaiſter, as I have obſerved above.

The edifices are beautiful and ſpacious, and contain the ſeveral inſtruments of Artillery, Aſtronomy, Natural Hiſtory, with a variety of plans of Fortifications, ranged in admirable order; each branch has a ſeparate apartment, the name of which is to be ſeen over the door; here Profeſſors of all the different ſciences every day deliver public lectures. We aſſiſted at one of theſe learned harangues, and after it was over, Signora BASSI, with equal complaiſance and exactneſs, ſhewed us a variety of experiments concerning irritability.

Thus you ſee that my day was well employed. This morning we followed the grand proceſſions of the holy ſacrament, which bring together a multitude of foreigners; the Pope's Legate and the Archbiſhop, who are both Cardinals, aſſiſt at it in pomp. The broad and lofty galleries erected on each ſide of the ſtreet, are the principal decorations upon this occaſion. Between each of the pillars of theſe porticos, garlands and real orange-trees mixed with ſtatues made with great ingenuity in paſte-board, afford a raviſhing proſpect. Carpets ſtrewed with flowers cover the pavement, and others adorn the windows, which are filled with Ladies. Noblemen and rich citizens hang their fineſt pictures upon the walls of their houſes. The famous ſchool of this city has furniſhed all their churches; the architecture of which is

equal

equal to the beauty of the pictures that embelliſh them.

If the palaces of the noblemen diſcover their opulence, the munificent piety of the citizens is equally conſpicuous in a portico three miles long, built at their own expence, in order to ſhelter them in their pilgrimages from the city to St LUKE upon the *Apennine*. We did not fail to go thither; from thence all the richneſs of the country round about is to be ſeen. This ſumptuous devotion does not hinder profane expences. They are now building at the public charge a vaſt opera houſe, upon which ſo much attention is beſtowed, as even to erect coach-houſes for the convenience of the Nobility and Gentry who come to the theatre.

The public diverſions are here renewed every year on the 8th day after the proceſſion of the holy ſacrament. The Ladies dreſs themſelves in all their finery, in order to do it honour. The multitude of people brought hither by this feſtival, meet with pleaſures which increaſe their attachment to their religion. Which do you think is the beſt policy, to make religion dreaded, or beloved? I long to be at *Rome*, in order to hear your anſwers to my queſtions; in the mean time, in compliance with your deſire, inſtead of writing you letters, I write you whole volumes, and to morrow I ſet out for *Florence*.

LETTER XX.

Florence, *June* 18, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

THE number of viſits I had to pay or receive, my weakly ſtate of health, and a thouſand things I had to ſee, have prevented me from writing to you on my arrival at this city.

Upon leaving *Bologna*, we immediately quitted the fertile country which ſurrounds it. In order to enter *Tuſcany*, we are obliged to paſs the mountains, which divide *Italy* into two equal parts, from *Lombardy* to the end of the boot.

Son of the *Alps*, great *Apenninus* reigns
Within theſe fruitful and thrice happy plains;
His lofty front high reaching to the ſkies,
With plenteous ſtreams the vale below ſupplies.
His branching arms extending far and wide,
Heſperia into twenty ſtates divide:
He forms a range of hills at *Piſa*'s plains,
And near *Ancona* rolling billows chains:
Torrents which from its ſides their courſe derive,
To both the ſeas precipitately drive.

Notwithſtanding this pompous deſcription the half-paved cauſeway, which is built upon the

the back of theſe mountains, puts travellers to great trouble to paſs them. But the precipice called *il Giogo*, dreaded by the moſt reſolute travellers, no longer ſerves as a barrier to the grand Dutchy. The Emperor has cauſed a ſteep but eaſy road to be cut through it*, which conducts travellers to *Florence*, and preſents a delightful proſpect to the eye. On a *Sunday* we walked down the hills covered with houſes, woods and verdure, which ſurround it. How great was our aſtoniſhment to ſee them inhabited by lovely Nymphs, with ſtraw hats adorned with flowers, elegantly ſhaped, who dazzled our eyes with their necklaces and bracelets; and whoſe dreſs in every reſpect reſembled that of our ſhepherdeſſes at the Opera! I have been aſſured, that their accent is as elegant as their deportment, eſpecially in the neighbourhood of *Sienna*; and that their anſwers are ſo pertinent and proper, that a Member of the Academy *della Cruſca* could not alter a ſyllable in them for the better. I attribute this great refinement of manners and language, which has inſenſibly penetrated even to the cottages in this country, to the continued cultivation of laws and arts. They enlightened *Hetruria*, long before they were known at *Rome*: the Princes of the family of MEDICIS

* The inhabitants of *Bologna* have lately done the ſame, ſo that the Paſſage of the *Apennines* is become much more eaſy than it was.

cis fixed them there by the maſterpieces of art, antient and modern, with which they embelliſhed their palace. Two galleries, four hundred feet long, joined by an angle, and adorned with a double row of ſtatues or buſts, lead to apartments filled with curioſities, which the eye of the curious and learned ſpectator is never tired of admiring. One of them preſents to the view two hundred portraits of painters done by themſelves, and many pictures of perſons illuſtrious in a variety of different ways; the other diſplays the fineſt porcelain and idols of the moſt groteſque figures. The Marquis VENUTI, a great Connoiſſeur, and COCCHI, an able Phyſician, ſhewed us the cabinet of Medals which are kept by the latter. We next entered the halls in which the curioſities that illuſtrate Natural Hiſtory are contained. It is unneceſſary to repeat the detail which has been given by other travellers; but I cannot be ſilent with regard to the gallery: It is an octagon ſaloon twenty feet in diameter, lighted only by one lamp, which hangs from a dome covered with mother of pearl. The walls are embelliſhed with the fineſt pictures and glaſs-cheſts through which the variegated luſtre of precious ſtones darts a glittering light; ſuch as a head of one of the CÆSAR's cut upon a torquoiſe as big as an egg; veſſels of agate, lapis and rock-cryſtal, ſet with gold and diamonds: the ſaloon is furniſhed with

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a celeſtial Globe, the ſtars of which are of rubies; a large table of ſmooth ſtones incruſted in each other, and ſix *Greek* ſtatues, upon which all the efforts of art were exhauſted; two wreſtlers who throw each other; a peaſant who pretends to ſharpen his pruning-hook, whilſt he is liſtening to CATILINE's conſpiracy; a Faun dancing; two VENUS's ſix feet high, which would charm the beholder, if they were not eclipſed by the VENUS of *Medicis*; the latter is ſomewhat lower, but poſſeſſed of that inexpreſſible ſomewhat which attracts one's whole attention. I have tranſlated ſome verſes which were written to be placed under this celebrated ſtatue: they were explained to me, for I don't underſtand *Greek*, and I am very ſorry for it: why am I not ten years younger? if I was, I would learn it. But let us hear what VENUS ſays.

Γυμνην ὄιδε Παρις μεν Αγχισης τε Αδωνις,
Τας τρεις οιδα μονας. Πραξιτελης δε ποθεν.

By PARIS I've been naked ſeen I own,
And by ANCHISES, but by them alone:
Where then could PRAXITELES my body ſee,
That Art and Nature thus ſo well agree?

We are told by ſome authors, that this prodigy of art was found at *Tivoli*. The magnificent ſaloon which contains it has but one arm-chair; this I ſeized, and ſat two hours oppoſite

oppoſite to theſe antiques, and found their company ſo attractive that I could not poſſibly quit it. We returned there the next day; the Count of LAURENCY, a man of wit, and our King's Miniſter at the Court of the grand Duke, was ſo obliging as to accompany us thither, as likewiſe his Lady, who is young and handſome. After we had paid a ſecond viſit to the *Greek* VENUS, he carried us to the country-ſeat of one of the handſomeſt modern VENUSES now living, I mean the Marchioneſs CAPPONI, who acquits herſelf in the moſt graceful manner in doing the honours of her houſe. We admired from her terrace the rich neighbourhood of *Florence*, and walked under the ſhade of her cedars. Thoſe of this country are famous for their exquiſite odour and their magnitude. Odoriferous plants, which diffuſe their perfumes to a little diſtance, ſhould not be raiſed too high; theſe may perhaps be of the number. We ſee none but ſuch as have low ſtalks; the arbours they form would make a much better appearance if they were higher; but then we ſhould receive leſs enjoyment from them: our great orange trees, which we admire ſo much, throw their odoriferous exhalations up to heaven, and deprive us of the pleaſure of gathering their fruit with eaſe; their trunk only is within our reach, and makes a ſhocking appearance. The *Italians* place theſe trees in large earthen pots, and do not let them exceed

exceed the ſize of ſhrubs. They are great admirers of lofty vaults in their apartments, but they ſeem to make them too low in their gardens. I took care not to hint this to the miſtreſs of the houſe, who was ſo obliging as to ſhew it to me; but I requeſted her likewiſe to ſhew me her houſe in town: We found it anſwer the deſcriptions we had read of it, as well as the CORSINI palace, which is a habitation worthy of the Nephews of the late Pope, who was a native of *Florence*. The fine taſte of the owner, and the beauty of the pictures, done by the moſt eminent hands, are there equally conſpicuous. At the top of the great ſtair-caſe is an immenſe ſaloon, adorned with columns and antique ſtatues. The painted roof is ſurrounded by a gallery very convenient for hearing the Muſic: the remaining apartments equal this in beauty. The vaſt palace of the noble family of the STROZZI pleaſes me highly by its *Tuſcan* outſide. Theſe ſtones rudely cut put one in mind of the firſt habitations of men, in barbarous and ignorant ages; a rock excavated to make a commodious dwelling; ſolidity there conſpires with beauty: the palace of LUXEMBURGH, which is partly in this taſte, gives you the model of the palace of PITTI, the laſt habitation of the Family of MEDICIS. There is ſtill the moſt compleat collection of pictures; but the gardens, which have long been reckoned amongſt the wonders of the world,

world, are now in ſuch diſorder that it is a difficult matter to walk in them. They ſeem calculated only to remind a conſiderate perſon of the tranſitory ſtate of all human things.

The darkneſs of the evening yeſterday furniſhed matter to my moral reflexions, when a phenomenon quite new to me ſuddenly interrupted my meditations. A ſwarm of ſhining flies fluttered about the thickets. I took it for a wandring fire, and as I approached, the flames fled from me. I never before ſaw above two or three of theſe glittering inſects together. The great number of them delighted and aſtoniſhed me, *parva leves capiunt animos.* Fatigue made me leave off walking, to partake of a frugal ſupper, ſuch as I like: I then thought my hard bed excellent. When I awoke in the morning, I received, in a letter from Count ALGAROTTI, a diploma of the celebrated Academy of *Padua*, which does me the honour to admit me as one of its members. I endeavoured to give an anſwer ſuitable to the favour beſtowed upon me, when my ſtudies were interrupted by a viſit from the Chevalier ADAMI, an excellent Antiquary, and Dr LAMI, a man of taſte and genius, author of a *Journal* which is very much eſteemed. We both regretted the loſs of Abbe BUONDELMONTE, who died not long ago, and whoſe poetry I am very well acquainted with. Theſe learned gentlemen informed me, that the beſt *Italian*

tranſlation

tranſlation they have of ANACREON, is that of our REGNIER DESMARETS, and that one of their prettieſt pieces was compoſed by MENAGE. I ſhall here ſet it down by Memory, but I may perhaps make ſome omiſſion as I have not a copy of it before me.

O maraviglia ſtrana!
Eh chi lo crederia?
A te pur ſola diſſi,
A te pur ſola ſcriſſi,
Il mio amaroſo affanno,
A tutt' altri lo celai:
E pur tutti lo ſanno,
Tu ſola non lo ſai.

I attempted to tranſlate it in the manner following.

O AMARANTHA, heavenly fair,
Was ſuch a wonder ever known?
To you I tell my ſecret care,
And tell it but to you alone;
And yet the flame with which my boſom glows,
Altho' unknown to you, all mankind knows.

When we had ſufficiently admired this tender Madrigal, we amuſed ourſelves by talking of the merits of our own poets, as well as of thoſe born beyond the *Alps*, eſpecially TASSO, my favourite, and ARIOSTO, to whom the *Italians* give the preference with regard

regard to invention and ſtile: they likewiſe, with a greater appearance of juſtice, prefer CORNEILLE to RACINE; but if they were as well acquainted with our language as their own, the correctneſs of the latter would win the majority of their ſuffrages. The moderns in all countries appear to me to be too much delighted with an animated ſtile, and the novelty of Ideas poured out without any ſort of connection. However, this charm of the *Orlando Furioſo*, this uncouth aſſemblage of unconnected beauties, often reſembles the ravings of a madman. Is not the moſt lively extempore eloquence ſometimes uttered by perſons diſordered in their ſenſes? inſtead of captivating our homage in this indirect way, unity of ſentiments in the various different ſituations, and ſolid judgment, were always the honourable marks of humanity, and the ſource of every virtue. This true merit is now but little conſidered, and there is nothing to be hoped from the chimerical ſyſtems, or from the enthuſiaſm ſo much admired in this our age. Whoever attempts to acquire reputation by talents uſeleſs to the public, becomes juſtly an object of their contempt. I agree with the ancients in eſteeming men and their ſhining abilities, in proportion as they diſcover more or leſs ſolidity in the conduct of their writings. It is then that the wonders of art, in which good ſenſe is equally diſplayed, as in the works of the author of

Cinna,

Cinna, enchant me, and make me look upon theſe happy genius's as men inſpired by the gods; but without this baſis, the moſt alluring ornaments, the moſt ſpeciqus arguments, diſperſed like fleeting clouds, fall and mutually eclipſe each other in my ſight, whilſt I endeavour in vain to prop and ſupport them: It is not that I ſet a value upon none but ſerious compoſitions; reaſon may ſometimes ſport; but a judicious mind requires a regular plan even in works of Amuſement. But I have dwelt ſo long upon this ſubject, that I muſt for the preſent defer a deſcription of the delightful places from which I write.

LETTER XXI.

Sienna, *June* 25, 1757.

Dear Siſter,

BEFORE I ſay any thing of the Town at which I am juſt arrived, I muſt finiſh my deſcription of the monuments that excited my admiration at *Florence*.

In the magnificent church of the holy croſs is to be ſeen the tomb of MICHAEL ANGELO, born at *Arezzo*, and who died at the age of ninety, in 1564. The arts in which he excelled, as Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, are there emblematically repreſented. To this renowned Virtuoſo we are indebted for the magnificent chapel of the NICOLINI, which adorns this monaſtery. The

cloiſter contains the precious aſhes of GALILEO, whoſe letters and other curious works, never before publiſhed, are now in the preſs. PICUS of *Mirandola* lies interred at St *Mark*'s, BOCCACE at the Church of *Santa Maria della novella*. The fineſt ſepulchral chapel in the world is that of the MEDICI family at St *Laurence*. Art and precious ſtones are there equally conſpicuous on every ſide. During the courſe of a century, in which Duke FERDINAND gave ſix hundred thouſand livres to build it, ninety millions have already been ſpent upon the deſigns of MICHAEL ANGELO. The library belonging to this church is famous for a great number of manuſcripts. Amongſt others, we meet with the works of VIRGIL, tranſcribed at the time of THEODOSIUS, and a deſcription of the whole *Greek* chirurgy, adorned with figures painted upon vellum.

We propoſed to paſs the day in viſiting the Churches. After a grand dinner at Signor BORROMEO's the apoſtolical Nuncio, where we had the pleaſure of ſeeing the Abbe NICOLINI, a man of quality and learning, and extremely agreeable in company; we went to ſee the cathedral, which is a gothic building, but ſpacious and magnificent. The inſide and outſide being of variegated marble, appear as if they were covered with China ware: It ſeems probable, that it derives from thence the name of our Lady of the Flowers:

this

this variety is to me extremely agreeable. The dome which is an octagon, ſtrikes the eye by its loftineſs, and the diverſity of its paintings. You aſcend by an hundred and twenty ſteps to it, and go round it, both within and without, by triple galleries. The gilt ball of the dome, which covers the choir, is ſeven feet in diameter; and the tower, which is adorned on the outſide with compartments of red, black and white marble, is a hundred and eighty feet high. The front of this cathedral is not yet finiſhed, no more than thoſe of many other churches in *Italy*; whoſe plans being too extenſive are not eaſily carried into execution. Oppoſite to the portal is the font, which is likewiſe of a variety of ſplendid colours. It is ſaid to have been formerly a temple of MARS. Its triple gates of braſs, which are of admirable workmanſhip, coſt GIBERTO FLORENTINO fifty years labour. MICHAEL ANGELO thought them worthy of being the gates of heaven; baptiſm gives the key to them: is not this an anticipated paradiſe?

If it be proper to paſs from things ſacred to profane, we ſaw no grand *Italian* Opera at *Florence*, but we met with excellent burlettas. This ſort of muſic, which is the neweſt, is conſequently the moſt faſhionable in *Italy*. I made too ſhort a ſtay in the fine city which I have been deſcribing, to be well acquainted

with it; but we propoſe viſiting it again at our return. Its ſituation is happy, and its ſoil extremely fertile. This country has produced eminent men of all ſorts, as CIMABUE, who reſtored painting in *Italy*, AMERICOS VESPUCIO, from whom the new world derives its name; the famous General STROZZI; MACHIAVEL the Politician; the illuſtrious writers PETRARCH, DANTE, and BOCCACIO: the moſt renowned Painters and beſt Sculptors were likewiſe born at *Florence*. The inhabitants are equally remarkable for induſtry and genius; their women are beautiful, and their ſtreets well paved with large ſtones; the ſquares, gardens, fountains, churches and palaces, are magnificently adorned. Beſides the public libraries, there are many excellent ones which belong to individuals; ſuch as that of Meſſrs MARUCELLI, and others, where ſtrangers are received with the utmoſt politeneſs. The *Hetrurian* ſeed of arts conſtantly produces new fruits in *Tuſcany*. Before we were out of this fine dutchy, we had like to have periſhed at *Poggibonzi*. The lightning dazzled the poſtilions; the hail, which cut the traces of the horſes, darkened our windows, obliged us to keep them ſhut, and even prevented us from ſeeing the precipice which we knew to be on each ſide of us; as it was impoſſible for us to ſtop, for fear of going backwards,

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we with the utmoſt difficulty made our way forward againſt the wind. I was afraid ſo long, that at laſt I feared no more, and my ideas grew confuſed: but the heads of our conductors, accuſtomed to ſtormy weather, were never diſconcerted; ſo that they eaſily extricated us out of our perplexity.

At length we arrived at *Sienna*, of which city the Abbe FRANCHINI was then governor; who, after having reſided twenty years at *Paris*, as Miniſter of the grand Duke, had left that city twenty years ago. Our firſt interview was diverting enough. After we had reciprocally paid each other a few compliments upon the little change in our appearance ſince our ſeparation, he eagerly enquired after all our common acquaintances. A regard to truth laid me under the melancholy neceſſity of anſwering thus: the agreeable Gentleman whom you formerly met every where, is now confined to his chamber, and almoſt crippled with the gout; that Lady who was once ſo complaiſantly attentive, is deaf; the bel Eſprit is now in his dotage; that Gentleman died of an apoplexy; and that promiſing youth of the ſmall pox; that lovely nymph is now of a gigantic ſtature, and grown horrid ugly: ſuch are the comfortable topics of converſation which generally occur to thoſe, who meet after a long ſeparation; *Flos levis, umbra fugax, bulla caduca ſumus.* In order to baniſh theſe melancholy truths from

our thoughts, the Abbe accompanied us to ſee the Cathedral. It may be compared to a gem of a prodigious ſize. The decoration, which is coloured in black, is ſo far from diſguſting, that it conſtitutes its whole charm. Both the out and inſide are inlaid with black and white marble, the ſeveral pieces of which are ranged in ſo regular an order, that the eye is delighted inſtead of being fatigued with the ſight. We aſcend to it by broad marble ſteps, which extending from the middle of the ſquare, reach the front and embelliſh it. The pavement of the church, upon which ſome parts of the Bible are ſketched out, is an admirable piece of workmanſhip with regard to the execution. The library of this theatre is adorned with the travels of Pope *Pius* the Second, painted in freſco according to the admirable deſigns of RAPHAEL, and ſong-books embelliſhed with excellent miniatures. The monks of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries diſtinguiſhed themſelves by this ſort of induſtrious patience. At preſent their leiſure produces nothing that can be of any ſervice in this world; we muſt look forward to the next, if we expect to reap any benefit from them.

The ſquare before the town-houſe of *Sienna* is large, built with great uniformity, of a figure ſomewhat circular, like an amphitheatre; ſo that a fountain of water which ſtands in the center may by overflowing it make room for

for a naumachia. Do but think how much I want reſt at night. After having yeſterday ſeen all I have been deſcribing to you, fatigue made me retire to my bed; to day the Abbe, who made ſuch a figure at *Paris* twenty years ago, invited me to dine with him with the once famous *Seneſino*, who has long lived in retirement, and who, though ſeventy years of age, has ſtill a ſtrong, expreſſive and flexible voice. He was ſo obliging as to give us a ſpecimen of his remaining talents, and even ſung a *chaſon a boire*, which is uncommon in this country, where love is the ſubject of all their ſongs. If he is not paid for celebrating its rites, to make up for this, his voice has procured him a very handſome houſe, which he has built himſelf, and furniſhed entirely in the *Engliſh* taſte, with the guineas without number which he brought from *London*. I likewiſe aſked to drink tea with him after the *Engliſh* faſhion. He is perhaps the only man on this ſide the *Alps*, where the uſe of tea is not in vogue, who could give me any of the right ſort. He is in the ſecure poſſeſſion of a handſome income, and a neat houſe upon his eſtate; *but* his ſole heir makes him mad; there is always a *but* to deſtroy human happineſs: the reaſon aſſigned is this. "In times of yore, Pleaſure, offspring of the Day and of Virtue, reigned in heaven. Pain, the offspring of the Night and Vice, was in poſſeſſion of hell. The middle region

was

was inhabited by creatures endowed partly with good, partly with bad qualities. JUPITER, affected by the precarious fate of mortals, ſeeing that ſome were too much perverted to merit any happineſs; and others too deſerving to be expoſed to misfortunes, gave orders that Pleaſure and Pain ſhould inhabit the earth. As ſoon as theſe children of darkneſs and light arrived amongſt us, one in obedience to the ſupreme command of JOVE, was going to take the virtuous, the other the vicious; but upon examining the objects that offered, inſtead of meeting with beings that fell preciſely under one or the other denomination (ſuch as they had formerly ſeen in their reſpective places of abode) they did not meet with a ſingle mortal exempt from a mixture of good and evil; and both, of conſequence, arrogated an equal right to every individual. Therefore, to put an end to a laſting diſpute, and aſſert a mutual empire over all hearts, they entered into an indiſſoluble alliance; inſomuch that Pleaſure is conſtantly preceded or followed by Pain; and Pain is always aſſwaged or cauſed by Pleaſure." I find this to be true by experience; I took great pleaſure in telling you this ſtory, and now I have wrote ſo long that I have got a head-ach. You are right in aſcribing my ill-ſtate of health, in a great meaſure, to my over intenſe application of mind. Almoſt from my infancy I was deſirous of becoming

coming learned, and equally fit for the duties and diſſipations of ſociety: this is the way never to be either the one or the other. The world and ſtudy equally engroſs the whole ſoul; ſcarcely were my powers equal to one of them. You know better how to apply yours, and give yourſelf up entirely to your friends, who find an inexhauſtible fund of amuſement in your happy turn of wit; my active mind graſps at a hundred objects at once, and fooliſhly dreads a languid ſtate more than fatigue or diſeaſe. I am indolent enough notwithſtanding; in a word, I do not know what to make of myſelf: but who underſtands his own nature? Two perſons of the moſt oppoſite tempers are leſs at variance, than the two different wills that diſtract us inwardly. I am ſo little able to reconcile them, that the tea, of which I ſpoke to you awhile ago, reminds me that I never had reſolution enough to lay aſide the pernicious habit of taking it at leaſt every morning. It would be in vain for me to obſerve to my nephews how dangerous the ſlighteſt bad habit is; the errors of the fathers, ſays the wiſe FONTENELLE, are not of the leaſt ſervice to their poſterity. I ſhall therefore add nothing further upon this ſubject, but go to take my repoſe. We ſhall ſoon ſee St PETER's at *Rome*, and many of your letters; judge of my impatience to arrive at that metropolis.

END OF VOL. I.

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